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Alice studies natural history

in the school of Lewis Carroll

“GO ON WITH your list of butterflies,” said the Red Queen.

“Well, there’s the Small Copper,” Alice began.

“Over there,” said the Queen, “you’ll see a Large Copper—one of the largest in the Force, in fact.”

“What does he live on?” Alice asked.

“He’ll live on to a ripe old age if he goes on drinking a Guinness a day,” said the Queen.

“And there’s the Red Admiral,” Alice went on, “it’s really Red Admirable, you know.” She was rather proud of knowing this.

“In my hand,” said the Queen, “you will see a Head Admirable. It has an entirely natural history—it is made of nothing but barley, hops, and yeast.”

“And what does *it* live on?”

“It lives on top of a Guinness.”

“Supposing someone drinks the Guinness?”

“Then the Head would be consumed with joy.”

“But that must happen very often,” Alice remarked thoughtfully.

“It always happens,” said the Queen.

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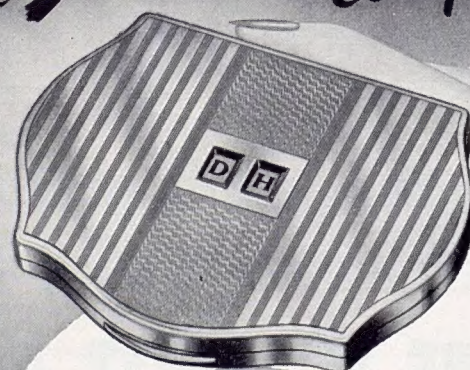
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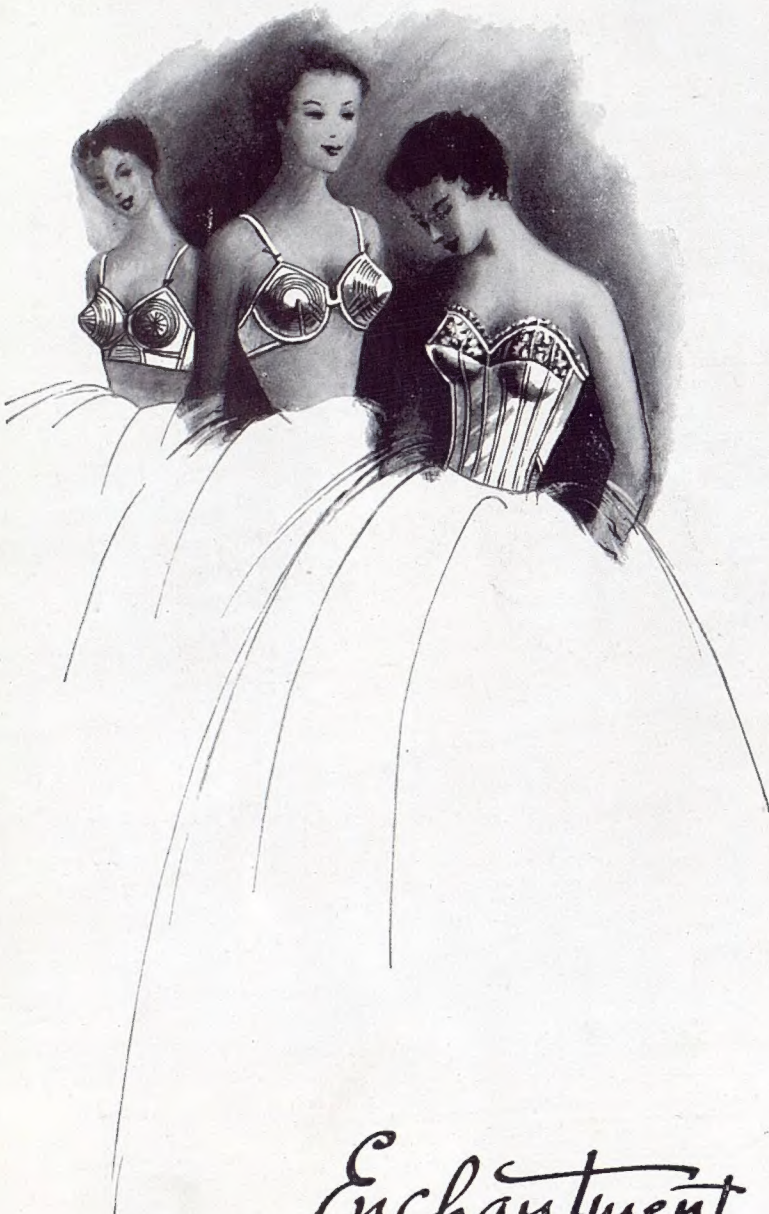
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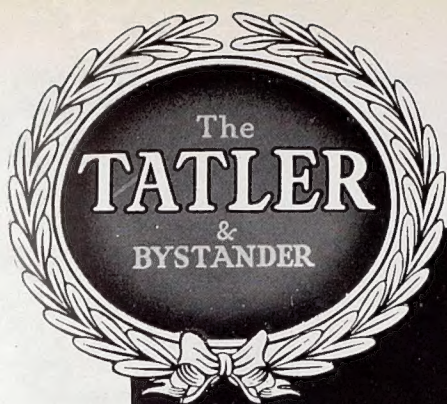
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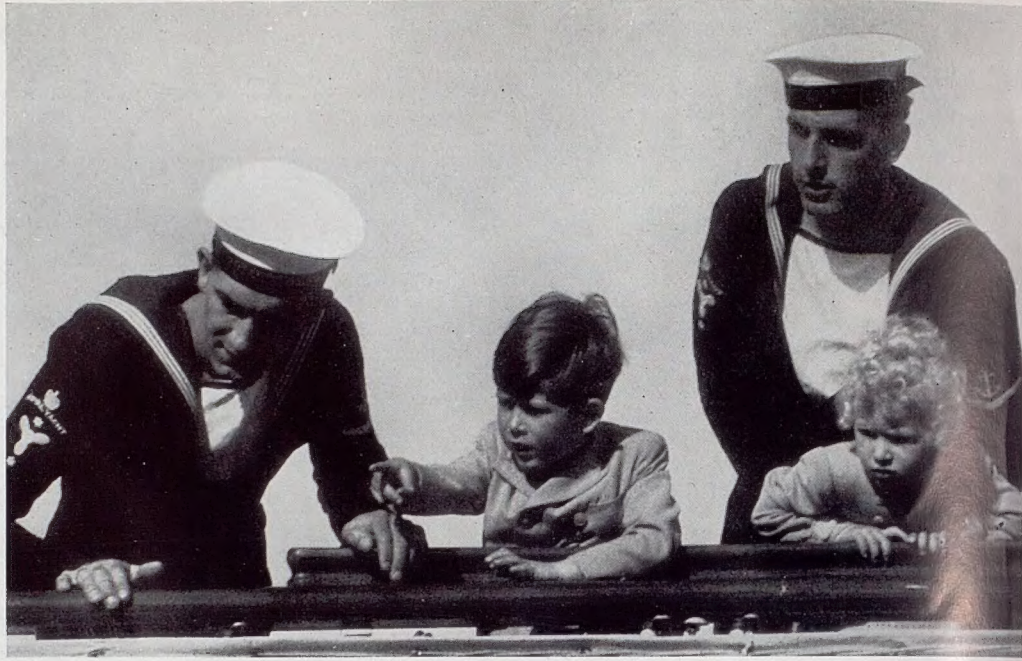


THE QUEEN COMES HOME

THE first Royal Tour of the new Elizabethan reign has been accomplished with a serene dignity which has proved the keystone of the triumph. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh have earned anew the glowing affection and respect with which we greet them on their return. A pictorial survey of the six months' tour will be found on pages 403-4 and 409, and scenes at the homecoming on pages 405-8



Gibraltar looms: a Princess is in doubt



Brother takes over, summons reserves. "What's that—and that—and above all, THAT!"



First steps to friendship. An old inhabitant graciously consents to receive Royalty

PEANUT PICNIC ON THE ROCK

TWO parties, informal and care-free, took place on the Rock of Gibraltar when Prince Charles and Princess Anne found that the Barbary apes—whose presence is held to ensure Britain's continuing rule of the Rock—make delightful playmates. This encounter, and the approach to Gibraltar, are pictured here



Offer of a nut is well taken



As Brother confers quietly, Sister keeps up the barrage. "Look at all those people. Who are they? Shall we meet them soon?"



"Turn round, Anne. There's a stranger"



While, throughout, Mother and Father watch smiling from a nearby enclosure

MALTA G.C. ENTERTAINS ITS SOVEREIGN LADY

HER MAJESTY is no stranger to Malta, where as Princess she spent many happy weeks. When she stopped there on the tour's last stage, the island made her five days' stay as Queen an interlude in which affection shone as brightly as the sun



Off Malta lies the smaller island of Gozo, which the Queen visited to unveil the War Memorial. Here, with her husband, she is leaving the Bishop's Palace after taking tea



A delightful informal picture at the Marsa polo ground, with Prince Charles, Princess Anne and Countess Mountbatten. They were talking to the Duke of Edinburgh and Earl Mountbatten



The State Ball at Malta offered one of the most magnificent spectacles of the tour. Malta, with its long history, has a practised hand for such events and, mindful of the loftiness of this one, produced its best



Here the Queen was advancing to the ballroom between a "guard of honour" of eighteenth-century dancers, accompanied by the Governor, H.E. Sir Gerald Creasy, K.C.M.G., with the Duke of Edinburgh walking behind. Over a thousand guests attended. The beautiful costumes, many of them heirlooms, are worn only on great occasions

[Continued on
pages 403-4-9]



Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gordon-Jones, cutting the three-tiered cake, which was decorated with fern. The bride's father, Mr. Alan Baker of Fairseat, West Mersea, is Commodore of the West Mersea Y.C.



The best man, Mr. K. A. Holme, chatting with Miss Jennifer Vickers and Miss Carol Tapp. The reception was at the bride's home

Social Journal

Jennifer

The Golden Moment Of Return

"SAFELY home, God bless them." These words rang in the hearts of all her subjects, as H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, stepped ashore from the Royal Barge at Westminster Pier, after their six months tour of the Commonwealth. Londoners had made this a great day for rejoicing and lined the flag-bedecked streets six deep to cheer the Royal party.

Today the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are scheduled to drive in an open carriage, escorted by a Sovereign's escort of the Household Cavalry, to the Mansion House for a luncheon given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. Shortly after this, with their children, they will leave for Balmoral for a brief rest in the good Highland air.

One of the Queen's first public engagements after her return to London will be her visit to Epsom on June 2 to see the Derby, which is being run on a Wednesday for the first time since the war.

★ ★ ★

PERTH HUNT races signalled a week of social gaieties in Scotland. Firstly there was the postponed ball at Blair Castle to mark the coming-of-age of Mr. Ian Murray, son of the late Col. G. A. Murray, and the Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Preston, heir-presumptive to the Duke of Atholl. The celebrations were put off last year owing to the illness of the Duchess of Atholl, who was present at this ball. While guests were being received by the Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Preston and her son, pipers of the Atholl Highlanders played in the hall.

The Duke of Atholl was there, also Lord and Lady Douglas Gordon and their niece, Miss Virginia Murray, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Dewhurst, who brought their daughter Susan, Miss Fiona Munro, Sir Torquil and Lady Munro's pretty daughter who is having her coming out dance in London on May 24, Miss Rosemary Abel-Smith, the Hon. George Leslie-Melville, and Mr.

Jeremy Dewhurst, who came with his parents and sister from Dungartha.

Staying in the house party at Blair were the Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Preston's niece, Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, looking very pretty in a full skirted white dress, with her husband, another niece Miss Mary-Anne Hare who is having her coming out dance at her home in London on July 6, and Miss Susan McCorquodale.

Dancing took place in the spacious and well-shaped ballroom where vases of spring flowers had been arranged and many heads and other trophies adorned the walls, while supper was served in two adjacent rooms. This was a very gay and happy occasion which went on into the not-so-small hours of the morning.

Two nights later, the Earl and Countess of



LORD BELPER with his two three-month old grandsons, Jeremy (left) son of the Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Strutt, and Henry, son of the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Strutt, at his home, Kingston Hall, Notts

Mansfield and Capt. and Mrs. David Butter were joint hosts at the County Buildings, Perth, where they gave an exceedingly good dance. This was just before the Mansfields came south with their elder daughter Lady Malvina Murray to take up residence in Sir Winston and Lady Churchill's Hyde Park Gate house, which they have rented for the season. The flowers here were gorgeous and superbly arranged for the dance and had been done by Miss Reid. Lady Mansfield looked charming in a dress of bois-de-rose paper taffeta with her fine pearls, and Mrs. Butter very chic and soignée in scarlet chiffon with a pale blue sash.

Many very pretty girls were at this dance including Lady Malvina Murray, the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Miss Sally Churchill, and Miss Norina Stewart-Clark, who had just returned from visiting her brother in South America, breaking her journey at New York, where she had a wonderful time, on her way home.

ALL those I have mentioned as being at the Blair Castle Ball were there, also Capt. and Mrs. Clark Rattray, Major and Mrs. George Findlay, and Mr. and Lady Flavia Anderson whose daughter Rohais is among the débutantes of 1955, being considered too young for a London season this year—she will not be seventeen until July.

She is a very talented girl with a flair for dress designing, which she is studying in Paris until the end of July, returning in time to do some of the Scottish season in August and September. She will "come out" at a party her parents are giving for the Oban Ball (Argyllshire Gathering) in September. Incidentally Mr. James and Lady Flavia Anderson are moving house this summer. They are going to live in Edinburgh in the house which Lady Jean Bertie had until she moved to London.

Perth races, which took place between these two events, were favoured with good weather and besides those I have mentioned as dance guests, they were attended by Earl and Countess Cadogan with their two daughters, Lord and Lady Forteviot, the Countess of Errol and her husband Capt. Iain Moncreiffe, the Hon. Caroline Dewar, Mr. Charles Connel, Mr. Jock Gow, and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham. Major and Mrs. Stewart-Stevens were there with their good looking son Mr. Jocely Stewart-Stevens, and Sir Torquil and Lady Munro brought their daughter Fiona, her tall cousin Capt. Robin Stormonth-Darling, and the Hon. Janet Hamilton.

★ ★ ★

I HEARD recently from Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, whose two charming daughters Ione and Helia were consecutively débutantes during the past two seasons. Lady Mary, who



Mr. G. Greville, Mrs. Greville, Mr. Gordon Greville and Miss Rosemary Falk with their champagne into the garden



In the marquee were Mr. H. N. Curwen, Mrs. Firth, wife of Major-Gen. C. E. A. Firth, and Mrs. Curwen



Mr. Douglas C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. G. Macpherson and Mrs. Miller, with Charles Macpherson

...akes her home in Gibraltar and Spain, came over each summer to entertain for them and both of them gave a dance. Now she has planned to come to London again at the end of this month when she will also be entertaining for a delightful young French friend, Athenais de Mortemart, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the late Duc de Nemours and Madame Harcourt Ollivier.

This young French débutante, who although named Athenais is always called Binkie, is witty and intelligent and should be an asset to the London season. She had part of her education at a convent school in California where her stepmother and mother had a ranch until last year. They spend much of their time at the villa which they have recently built near Biarritz. M. Harcourt Ollivier, who was in the French Cavalry, hunted in Wiltshire for several seasons before the war. Mary Stuart-Walker is giving a cocktail party for Mlle. de Mortemart at Stanhope Gate during the first week in June.

Another young girl from overseas looking forward to enjoying a London season is Miss Cynthia Butterworth, whose father Mr. Walton Butterworth is Minister at the United States Embassy in London. The Butterworths are living in the house in Cottesmore Gardens which Mr. and Mrs. Julius Holmes occupied when he was the U.S. Minister here, and Mrs. Butterworth will be entertaining for her daughter during the season.

★ ★ ★

SOME children are unusually fortunate in their parents' choice of godfathers and godmothers. One of these is Miss Winifred Borthwick, the débutante daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Algernon Borthwick, who live at Wetherfield Place, Braintree. One of her godmothers, Mrs. Derek Butler-Adams, is lending her charming house Great Cozens, at Ware in Hertfordshire, for the

coming-out dance which, jointly with Mrs. Borthwick, she is giving for her goddaughter on July 15.

Winifred, who will be eighteen in June, has been studying hard at Oxford with a view to going up to take College Entrance to Lady Margaret Hall in November. She is already a much travelled girl as last year her parents took her on a six-month trip to Australia and New Zealand.

★ ★ ★

A GREAT personality was sadly missed at Chester race week this summer. For nearly as long as most of us can remember, the late Duke of Westminster, one of the most hospitable and generous of hosts, entertained a party of friends for this annual social event of the North West. He used to have an immense house party each year at Eaton Hall, but since the war the party was much smaller owing to the fact that most of Eaton Hall had been taken over by the War Office for an officers' training establishment, and the late Duke only occupied one wing. But he still had friends to stay for the meeting, came racing with them each day, and not only entertained his guests at home but also many more friends in his large luncheon room in the County Stand, added to which he usually managed to have a winner at the meeting!

This year Major Basil Kerr, a steward at the meeting and an old friend of the late Duke's, took friends to lunch quietly in the big private luncheon room, which it is hoped the Duchess of Westminster, who was away in Ireland this year, will be using again during the next Chester race week.

Perhaps the two biggest house parties for the meeting came from the neighbouring county of Lancashire, where both the Earl and Countess of Derby and the Earl and Countess of Sefton had friends staying with them at Knowsley and Croxteth. Viscount and Viscountess Leverhulme

brought their party over from Thornton Manor each day—he is Lord Lieutenant of the county—and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Dick Verdin had a party at Stoke Hall, Nantwich, including the Hon. Anthony Samuel and his very pretty wife and Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis. Col. Windsor-Lewis had just returned from an official visit to the Welsh Guards in the Canal Zone.

Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley were staying at Cholmondeley Castle with his nephew the Earl of Rocksavage and the Countess of Rocksavage, who on Cup Day looked charming in a bright yellow coat and little green hat. Sir Adrian Jarvis was staying with his brother-in-law and sister Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., and Mrs. Williams and their two elder daughters at their home in Denbighshire, and Lord and Lady Mostyn had a family party at Mostyn Hall. Capt. and Mrs. Darby Rogers were as always surrounded by friends delighted to see them in the Members' Enclosure, and with Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams and Mrs. Denis Daly were among those who had come over from Ireland for the meeting.

I MET Earl and Countess Cadogan who had a runner on the second day. Lady Cadogan had just come down from Scotland where she had been spending the Easter holidays with her young family. Also racegoing were Mrs. Charles Mills who was staying at Knowsley, very chic in blue and looking much better after her stay in Rome, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, who had a winner on the final day, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Hotham, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bowring.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. David Fetherstonhaugh were, among others who live in the North, enjoying the meeting in spite of the very inclement weather, as were Major and Mrs. Anthony Fielden who have a charming home in Shropshire, Mrs. Griffiths and

[Continued overleaf]



A Party At Claridge's For Miss Jennifer Burrows, Daughter Of Lt.-General Brocas Burrows



Mrs. Brocas Burrows, the hostess, and her débutante daughter Jennifer were welcoming guests to the party



The host, Lt.-Gen. Brocas Burrows, in conversation with the Earl of Hardwicke and Lady Cromwell

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Younger Set Rallied to Red Hat Ball

her sons Michael and David, Mr. and Mrs. Peckover Burrill, Mr. and Mrs. Baker Wilbraham, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barty-King who were staying with Mr. Ridler, Lord and Lady Kenyon, and Lady Hanmer wearing a red tweed suit and a camel hair coat. Her husband, Sir Edward Hanmer, was one of the stewards of the meeting.

★ ★ ★

SIR THOMAS COOK, the chairman, presided at the Luxembourg Society's dinner held this year at the Normandie Restaurant. The guest of honour was Col. A. D. Dodds-Parker, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who made a very good speech responding to the toast of Her Majesty's Government, which was proposed by M. Clasen, the Luxembourg Minister. M. Pierre Bausch, the Honorary Secretary of the Society, proposed the health of the Queen, and Lord Grantchester proposed that of the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg. Sir Frank Willis made a short speech, and the evening came to a close with a few words by Sir Thomas Cook.

Lady Cook, looking charming in green, was helping her husband to receive the guests before dinner. They included Mme. Clasen in black, Mrs. Dodds-Parker, Lady Grantchester, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and Sir Otto and Lady Lund. Sir Otto sat next to the Dowager Lady Swaythling, who spent several weeks in Luxembourg a few years ago. Others there included Col. and Mrs. Mostyn-Owen, Mrs. Jessica de Pass, Brig. and Mrs. Denis Daly and Mr. Ernest Davies, M.P., who sat between Lady Lund and Lady Willis.

★ ★ ★

FROM this dinner I went on to the annual Red Hat Ball, given this year at Grosvenor House. It was a very cheerful evening, most of the guests being under twenty-five years old. Mrs. Edward des Graz was chairman of the ball which is held annually to raise funds for the Christ Church (Oxford) United Clubs, which without the funds raised by this event each year would have to close down. The clubs provide a centre in South-East London where anyone, of whatever age, can find companionship and new interests.

At the ball there were numerous side-shows on the balcony including a giant tombola where I saw Earl Bathurst, the Hon. Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, in pale blue satin, Mr. John Corry, and Miss Petronella Elliot, escorted by Count Czernin, trying their luck. The Hon. Mrs. Michael Rose, who wore a striking black and white dress, had arranged the most decorative Beer Garden where lemons and white narcissi were cleverly arranged on small bay trees on each side of the entrance. Mr. Christopher Wells was coining money with a glass tank of water into which people were trying to drop a penny on a sixpence, and Mr. Christopher Corry had a queue of young enthusiasts trying to keep their balance and win a prize in the "Topsy Turvy Boat."

THE Countess of Mansfield, president of the ball, had a big party, as did the chairman, Mrs. des Graz, whose daughter Bridget looked charming in green. Nearby Sir Andrew and Lady Clark had their two daughters Jennifer and Susan and a party of young friends with them, including Mr. Lloyd-Pratt. The big ballroom was well filled and there must have been several hundred young people dancing. I saw the Hon. Charmiane Wilson in red, the Hon. Susan James, who had her coming out dance at the Ritz two nights before, Miss Anne Abel-Smith and her younger sister Elizabeth who makes her debut this year, Miss Caroline York, pretty in black and white, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Mr. Peter Kenworthy-Brown, Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis and Mr. Ian Cameron.

Mme. Hägglöf the beautiful wife of the Swedish Ambassador, who has had, under medical advice, to spend much time recently resting in the country, is coming up to London each week to supervise preparations at the Swedish Embassy in Portland Place for the State visit of the King and Queen of Sweden, which begins on June 28, when they will stay with the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The biggest transformation to be made at the Embassy is concerned with the State Banquet they are giving there during the visit when over seventy guests, including many members of the Royal Family, will sit down to dinner.

As the existing dining-room is not large enough, the wall is being taken down between two ground floor rooms of the adjacent house, which also belongs to the Embassy, and when redecorated will make a magnificent and spacious setting for this great evening.

THOUGH this is convenient for the existing kitchens, a serving room adjoining the dining-room is being arranged with the most modern heating appliances, so that the food (which is always delicious at the Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf's parties) will be served piping hot. Mme. Hägglöf who has excellent taste, has chosen pastel shades for the décor of the fine first floor reception rooms which are lit by magnificent glass chandeliers. In the centre room, which has a Wedgwood blue and white ceiling, there are pale pink taffeta curtains. For the right-hand reception-room, where the ceiling is palest pink, she has chosen cherry-red and pale lilac for the covers; in the left-hand reception-room, where fine gilt framed mirrors adorn the walls and a magnificent French carpet covers the floor, golden brocade curtains will hang at the long windows overlooking Portland Place.

Mme. Hägglöf will, of course, be back in London before and during the Royal visit, which will mean a very busy time for her. The Swedish Ambassador has recently been over in Stockholm discussing final plans for the visit. His King and Queen will arrive in a Swedish cruiser, escorted by two other cruisers, and he will go down to meet them at the port of arrival.

★ ★ ★

H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE is president, and the Countess of Selkirk and Elizabeth Countess of Bandon joint-chairmen, of a dinner ball which is to take place at the May Fair Hotel tomorrow, May 20, in aid of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. Tickets from the Countess of Selkirk, 79 Davies Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

THREE important dates for music lovers. Viscountess Vaughan is chairman of a concert at the Royal Albert Hall on May 24 which the Duchess of Kent has kindly consented to attend. This is to raise funds for Polish Welfare, and the famous Polish pianist Malczuzynski will play. Tickets may be obtained from Viscountess Vaughan at the Catholic Council for Polish Welfare, 51 Eaton Place, S.W.1.

On June 3 the Florence Nightingale Centenary Concert will take place at the Albert Hall. In the presence of the Princess Royal, Dame Myra Hess and the London Symphony Orchestra will play and the United Hospitals Festival Choir will sing.

On June 21 the Düsseldorf Symphony Orchestra will be making their first appearance in England at the Royal Festival Hall. That night they will be giving a concert in aid of the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls Clubs. Mary Duchess of Roxburghe is President of the concert and Lady Bird the chairman. Lady Beddoe-Rees, 30 Devonshire Street, W.1, is in charge of the issue of tickets.



Mr. and Mrs. Michael Manser and Mr. W. Manser (left) watched the horses line up for the last race



Miss Jill Hembry wished Mr. Bryan Barber success before he rode in the King's Troop R.H.A. event



Three enthusiastic spectators were Major M. W. V. Maude and his two daughters, Clarissa and Jennifer

THE PROGRESS OF PEGASUS

THE legal profession, from clerks to Judges, gathered to watch their Pegasus Club annual point-to-point. The meeting took place at Little Kimble, near Princes Risborough, and was held in conjunction with the King's Troop R.H.A. A very large number of spectators were present to see the six races



and Miss M. Manningham-Buller
Miss M. Salisbury-Jones studied a
parade in the paddock



The Hon. Mr. Justice Barry, M.C., a judge
at the meeting, discussed form with Mr.
K. Diplock, Q.C., and Mrs. Diplock



From their seat on a car roof Miss Janet Ruth-
ford and the Hon. John Lawrence cheered the winner



Miss Marilyn Bower and Mr. Christopher
Marler watched the horses saddled for the
Pegasus Cup race



Desmond O'Neill
Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, Q.C.,
M.P., the President of the meeting, with his
wife, Lady Mary Manningham-Buller

AT THE RACES

DARIUS: A WORD OF CAUTION

• Sabretache •

IT is always a pleasant task to be able to congratulate an owner on winning a big classic race, and it is particularly so in the case of Sir Percy Loraine, who does not win out of his turn; and it is equally pleasant to find Darius, who has for a long time been a suspected character, showing us that he may have been unjustly condemned.

In such a finish there was every enticement to any faint-hearted one to join in what looked apt to turn into a vulgar brawl; but Darius never turned a hair, in a manner of speaking, and won like a very good colt by a comfortable length from Ferriol, who was only second choice to Damelot in the French Expeditionary Force.

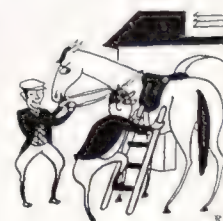
Darius, of course, immediately secured the call of the Derby market, but, in view of past experiences, I recommend caution. The Two Thousand course and the Derby course are so diametrically different, and I expect a good many people have memories of several Guineas winners who have failed completely at Epsom. How about Ki Ming? Darius is better built for Epsom than most of his rivals, bar Ambler II, and it may be that the Derby will develop into a duel à l'outrance between these two well-shaped ones, now that Darius has shown himself ready for a fight if the occasion demands, so who knows which way things may go?

AMBLER II, I think, has the call, because he has won over the last mile and a bit of the Epsom course, but otherwise there is nothing in it. As to any other, I am sure that we can put Infatuation into cold storage until the Leger. It would be something like a miracle if anything standing 17.1 came down that hill, even if he had pace enough to get to the top of the hill, which is near the start for the City and Suburban. Frankly I do not believe that we saw anything in this Guineas field which could be classed as possessing a short-price chance in the Derby. The Derby course has often been called "The Rogue's Paradise." This may be unfair, but it is certainly not every horse's playground, and there is such a vast element of luck about it almost all the way.

SOME of us found it very assuaging that one correspondent on the spot when the Owen Falls sluice was recently opened by Her Majesty knew after whom the falls were originally called. Roddy Owen won the National in 1892 on Father O'Flynn, but this was not the last animal of that name with which he was connected for in 1892, when he got a job as a war correspondent on that Chitral show, he collected a hill pony like an animated hearthrug whom everybody at once christened "Father O'Flynn."

Drury Low was G.O.C., and amongst other leading characters were an old scoundrel named Umra Khan, Edwardes and Fowler, the latter being an uncle of that famous young cricketer, Fowler of "Fowler's Match." He practically won that game for Eton at a time when it looked almost impossible. There is one eminent survivor of that occasion, Lord Alexander, who was one of the last two Harrow wickets. Young Fowler, who died very young, was a son of Capt. Harry Fowler, the very famous Master of the Meath who in spite of the disadvantage of an artificial leg was very hard indeed to beat over that fine country.

I recommend anyone who has got the money and the time, to have a go there to complete his hunting education. It is almost all grass and if you are on an Irish horse you can practically tie the reins on his neck and leave the rest to him.





THE SOUND MEDICAL ADVICE of Dr. Cassel (Peter Bull) is rejected by Countess Rosmarion (Edith Evans) who attempts to solve the difficulties of life for her first son-in-law (James Donald) and her daughter (Margaret Johnston) with a philosophy of courage and kindness

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"The Dark Is Light Enough" (Aldwych)

MR. CHRISTOPHER FRY's new play presents the portrait of a lady; and Dame Edith Evans records with absolute fidelity the lady's extraordinary quality. It is a quality which enables her to show the force that impartial gentleness persisted in with endless courage may exert on violent events. The question is not whether the lady's quality is expressed with a sufficiency of lyric grace and ironic wit (there can be no doubt on that score), but whether the violent events of the play are not softened into unreality by being thus exposed to an influence which strikes us as semi-divine in its gracious acceptance of humorous frailties.

I think that there is this softening up of events and that it accounts for our feeling that some imp of frustration is working against our willingness to be impressed. Mr. Fry has not succeeded in making the poetry of words and the poetry of action different parts of the same thing.

The lady is an Austrian countess, set down in the midst of revolution. The year is 1848, the time when men all over Europe were taking arms against ancient tyrannies, and Austrian and Hungarian armies are marching and battling in the falling snow about her castle.

SHE shelters a Hungarian deserter, known to the faithful members of her Thursday salon as a despicable fellow, whose marriage to her young daughter fortunately was annulled. She refuses to give him up, even though her second son-in-law, captured by a Hungarian patrol, is offered in exchange. "No man is mine to give you."

The deserter shows the countess no sort of gratitude. He simply begs her friends, who are by this time somewhat alarmed on their own account, to show respect for his life and not to betray his hiding place. The Hungarians occupy the castle, and during the occupation the deserter, who has sought refuge from fear in whisky, engages in a duel with the countess's son and shoots him. The countess begs the angry onlookers not to add violence to violence. The Hungarian army is put to flight, and unfailingly impartial the countess shelters from ruthless Austrian vengeance the colonel who has been her jailer.

The storm of violence is rising still when she descends Mr. Oliver Messel's grand staircase leading into her salon to talk herself with exquisite gentleness out of the

world. The deserter adds to the gaiety of her last moments by jumping to the conclusion that he must have been secretly loved by her. No doubt, she reflects, it would have been easier to love than to like him, and she has not even liked him. "Then what in God's name was it I meant to you?" he asks, and she replies, "Simply what any life may mean."

But her death is not without its effect. Violence breaks out with a new intensity, but at least the deserter turns to meet it with something of the unresisting courage he has learned from her.

THIS admittedly imperfect summary will perhaps make it clear how much is made to depend on the constancy of the countess's mind. As she makes her dangerous passage through the stormy darkness, her sense of direction is as apparently eccentric, yet as mysteriously certain, as that of a homing butterfly. She is sustained by a serene belief in non-violence and in the sacredness and mystery of life and by a disinterested concern for that good which Mr. Fry sees as "stronger than anger, wiser than strategy."

The portrait in effect reflects the power of a faith that finds the dark light enough for a courageous woman to flee evil and pursue good. Unfortunately the author, intent on giving this portrait a clear poetic definition, has skimmed the background: the violent situation which should provide the lady with the contrasts necessary to her dramatic development is not strongly imagined and the other characters are mere cyphers. The words create beautifully modulated phrases and play witty tricks with ideas. They do not at the same time create situations which are either truly poetic or truly dramatic.

MR. JAMES DONALD plays the deserter on a raspingly forceful note; Miss Margaret Johnston brings a pleading loveliness to the daughter of the countess who lets herself be caught between one sort of love and another, and Mr. Hugh Griffith illumines the character of the countess so far as the text permits; but it all comes back to Dame Edith Evans who, subduing her natural flamboyance, makes the serenity of the countess a memorable theatrical experience.



AS A MEMBER of the salon, Mr. Hugh Griffith propounds a doctrine of realism with little success



Queen Guinivere (Prudence Clayton) asks Blandine and Segramor (Gillian Raine and John Graham) to leave her while she talks privately to Lancelot (Gerald Flood, centre). Theme of the play, which is translated by W. H. Auden and produced by Richard Scott, is the fading of the romance between Guinivere and her lover

COCTEAU IN WILTSHIRE. An important event in provincial repertory took place at Salisbury, when the first production in England of Jean Cocteau's *The Knights of the Round Table* was given at the Playhouse Theatre. The courage and imagination of the production, which went very smoothly, were widely praised



Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox (centre), Playhouse chairman, greets Lt.-Col. Sir St. Vincent Troubridge, Bt., and Lady Troubridge



Mr. Cecil Beaton (nearest camera) came over from Reddish house with the Hon. Stephen Tennant to see the play



Mr. Basil Foster, Lady Juliet Duff, from Bulbridge House, and her dinner host, Mr. Hector Bolitho, the historian



Mrs. Grenfell, from Combe Bissett, wife of Cdr. Harold Grenfell, had joined Lady Tryon and the Countess of Radnor

London Linelight



Norman Wisdom, Jerry Desmonde and a dog compete for Palladium honours

Shaggy Dog Bones Show

It is a long time since Mr. Parnell, "Il Duce" of the Palladium, really handed star billing to an English player. With *The Palladium Show* he does so handsomely and his choice falls on Norman Wisdom, a young and infinitely talented comedian. Mr. Wisdom, who reminds me of Billy Merson more than many of his contemporaries, sings tolerably, falls expertly and is punched around the place superbly. When he has made up his mind just which department of bobby-soxerdom he wants to master he will be one of the great entertainers of the age. But handsomely is the word. Jerry Desmonde is a bastion among supporting men: one feels he could "feed" a Molotov and turn him into a Grock and this in front of a houseful of Middle Westerners.

The rest of the acts in this show are as good as anything this side of the Bal Tabarin, with the sole exception of a shaggy hound who owns a performer called Bob Williams. This sagacious animal will assuredly delight all humans unless they happen to be potential comics—in which case his incomparable wit can only prove depressing. Paris cannot compete here.

CARROLL GIBBONS'S lugubrious yet amiable voice will be deeply missed the world over. He was only fifty-one, yet his passing underlines the end of an epoch which was already dead. He was the pianist of the Bright Young Things and the master of his profession, for he had the individual touch which is always recognisable. Charlie Kunz has it, so have Turner Layton and Billy Mayerl. So, too, has that other hardy perennial, Hutch, who broadens his style with his collar measurements as patrons of the Allegro may remark on this very day.

By some miscalculation the play at the Q theatre which opens next Tuesday is called *The Lovers*, so only those with second sight will guess that it is an adaptation of *The Woman in White*, made by Dan Sutherland. Philip Leaver will play Count Fosco, which is promising, for he is a rare exponent of unblemished villainy, and Helen Cherry is to appear as Marion.

I recently watched *East Lynne*, a bright version by June Bowkley, very indifferently performed by a rep. company in the provinces, and was delighted by the splendours of the Victorian drama in full flood. Here undoubtedly is an opening for a small theatre group in town. Why not a season of these masterpieces? *The Lifeguardsman*, *The Mormon's Bride*, *Belphegor Mountebank* and the *The Master Christian* would surely please those who admired *The Living Room*.

—Youngman Carter



A STAND ON THE BONNET was taken by Miss Jane Culverwell, Miss Pamela Lucas and Mrs. Victor Cross, to watch the finish of the Maiden Race at the Pytchley Steeplechases. The two former were competing in the next race, the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' event. Many visitors came from the near-by Grafton, Oakley and Warwickshire countries to attend this good meeting at Guilsborough, Northants

Talk Around the Town

THERE seems no easement in sight for the members of the Regency and others who have been kept so active during the Queen's absence.

A glance at the Queen Mother's calendar alone shows what an extraordinarily wide (and trying) range of duties Royalty is called upon to perform. In the remaining days of May the Queen Mother will: open an oil refinery at Coryton, open a housing estate, open the Chelsea Flower Show and present new Colours to the Inns of Court Regiment.

Indoor engagements include a jubilee service at Rochester Cathedral, a festival service at St. Paul's Cathedral and a jubilee performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, to be followed, the same afternoon, by a service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

The daily newspapers do, in fact, mirror but a small proportion of the activities of the ten Royalties principally concerned.

They have a new recruit this month. Princess Alexandra's name appeared for the first time in the Court Circular as what one

might call a "principal." She appeared in the role of Patron of the Junior Red Cross.

Her arrival weights the Royal group even more on the distaff side.

★ ★ ★
A VISITOR to Covent Garden earlier this month was surprised and delighted to find the whole of the stalls in evening dress, while white shirt-fronts festooned the circles.

He saw in this a sign that at last people were mending their ways sartorially, and was only a little disappointed when he found that the change was only of an illusionary character. A conference of the British Building Societies had bought 600 seats for delegates to see Miss Margot Fonteyn dance in *Le Lac des Cygnes*.

I did not realise that "block booking" of seats, as it is called, had reached the opera house. But now it is being encouraged and I hope that the international railwaymen's attendance to-night will provide an equally elegant picture.

One excuse given for not dressing for the theatre is that early curtain times give



LT.-COL. SIR RUPERT HARDY, BT., the starter, and Capt. G. Rich on Red Abbott, leading the runners in the Adjacent Hunts' race to the starting-post at Pytchley 'chases

business men no chance to go home and change. Yet it is possible to change in any office, and is done so when men meet for a dinner.

If for Guzzling, why not for Art?

I hesitate over the matter of the white tie. No one who has been locked into a boiled shirt for a few hours of the *Ring* can look with much fondness on that attire.

Women like full evening dress—and, after all, one of the best arguments for changing is that one is trying to pay a compliment to one's partner.

★ ★ ★
THAT the Germans' holiday travel allowance has been raised from £68 to £127 a head is cause for reflection by those British travellers who suffered financial embarrassment last year in the chaos provoked by the French strikes.

It is not a question of the average man wanting to spend more than he permitted £50 so much as the feeling of insurance the traveller has that in extremity he can have an extra £25 or £50 without trouble.

The Treasury's ban has always worked to the advantage of the wealthy, although it was strange last year to see men and women obviously with big accounts being told by the English managers of English banks in France that they could not even oblige with a tenner. Here I to detail the ways in which currency can be obtained for foreign use, if one has the time (and the money), it would fill a column.

I was certain that the restrictions must have committed suicide last year, so involved were the repercussions on Foreign Office and Treasury through loans and advances made to Consulates to stranded travellers.

I were sure that I would not be involved, I could almost wish that a similar crisis occurred again, and that a hundred thousand or so more English travellers would have to be brought home at Government expense.

ONE wonders who it was in Whitehall that hit on the arbitrary figure of £50 allowance for travel? Even the late Sir Stafford Cripps (scarcely one to encourage luxury) thought £75 the least he could reduce it to after the war.

I suspect it to be a relative of the perky statistician who has to provide head-lines for the weather's eccentricities: "It is the coldest 1954 for 13 years."



A TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY BALL was given at the Hurlingham Club by Mr. and Mrs. H. G. S. Bishop, Icomb, Glos., and Chelsea, for their daughter. Miss Jennifer Bishop is here with (left) Lady Doughty and Sir Charles Doughty, Q.C. (right), her parents, and Mr. Phillip Gee

He might have weighed in—had he been writing up to 12 days ago—with the announcement that there were also the highest nor'easterly winds over a period of 33 days since February 3, 1897.

One fine day early in this May newspaper readers awoke to learn that there was half-a-gale blowing in Malta, and that a village hall in Sussex had been blown down. And that the 22-day drought had at last broken except in, of all places, Liverpool. They read this with about three-quarters of a gale whistling round the London roof-tops.

At lunch that same day I was with a man who had flown in from Vienna, where there was ice in the streets. They touched down at Munich into 2 ins. of snow.

"Hottest Summer for Years Forecast" said an evening newspaper headline.

★ ★ ★
THAT the admirable Pullman concern should be bought by an organisation unable to run its own restaurant cars except at a loss is another gloomy prospect for many travellers.

One faint gleam of hope is that those arriving at Dover with Golden Arrow tickets will now have their journey to London expedited.

Paris bound, the Customs and currency officials join the train at Calais, and the quicker their work is done on board the warmer the dinner they themselves enjoy. But

nothing like that happens at Dover, where delay is the motto of the Customs men. The result is that the Arrow is made to run slower than before the war, this in a day of intense air competition.

Now all will be Government workers: the Pullman men, the engine drivers, the porters and the Customs. Will they join forces to speed things up? I would hesitate to make a forecast.

★ ★ ★
A BET of half-a-crown was won (but not yet paid to me) over the breaking of the mile record by Mr. Roger Bannister. I take no credit for it; the bet could have been won by any student of newspaper lore.

All I said was that within twenty-four hours the feat would be likened to the conquest of Everest, and that before the week-end the Queen would be urged to make him a knight. "Make Him Sir Roger" cried one headline, well within the time limit.

The course which Fleet Street will take on almost any story can usually be quite accurately predicted. Sometimes I wonder that some very, very sprightly paper does not print a "diary of progress" in advance.

But it would take a very imaginative mind to foresee that one sports expert should write of Mr. Bannister's fine feat that "it is one of the finest things the old British lion has done since the Spanish Armada."

★ ★ ★
I AM always keen to hear of any new conversational gambits for use at cocktail parties at which one has been introduced to nobody. A whimsical old colleague of mine pins his faith to "Are you interested in collecting string?" ("Good gracious no, why?" . . . "Oh, you aren't? That's very interesting" . . . ad lib.)

One that I have myself revived recently is of use when marriage creeps into the talk. I said to a girl whom I was told was getting married: "Have you noticed how many more girls are getting married than men lately?"

She seemed to take it quite seriously. On the other hand she may merely have thought I was one cocktail to the bad.

—Gordon Beckles



Miss Evelyn Laye Opened Mr. Cyril J. Ross's Exhibition of Paintings at the R.I. Galleries

Capt. Bowes-Lyon, Lady (Noël) Curtis-Bennett and Lady Mary Leveson-Gower making a tour of the 250 exhibits

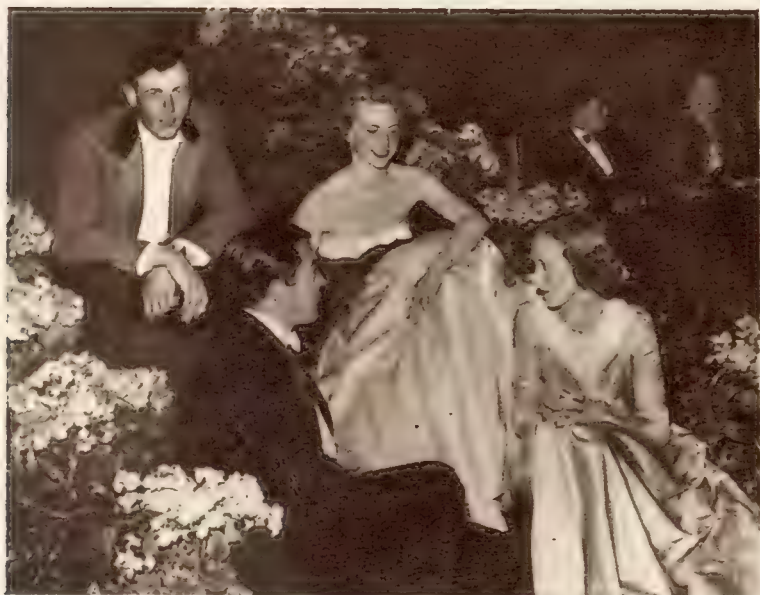


The artist and Mr. Frank Lawton chatting to Miss Evelyn Laye. All proceeds of the exhibition and sales went to charity



Mrs. Harry Ross, Mr. Michael Gilberry and Mrs. Sydney Steyn were also very interested in this comprehensive show

Clayton Evans



On the flower-decked stairway were sitting Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Bt., Master of the Cotswold, Mr. C. Tufnell, Mrs. Tufnell, and Lady Arbuthnot

A VISION OF GREEN FIELDS IN CHELTENHAM BALLROOM

THE Duke of Beaufort, Lord Luke and the Mayor and Sheriff of the borough were among the distinguished guests at the very successful ball given at Cheltenham Town Hall in aid of the Industrial Fund of the Gloucestershire Playing Fields Association. An assembly of more than 500 enjoyed an evening that will long be remembered in the West Country for its great good spirits and faultless organisation



The evening's pleasure reached a climax with the reels. Here Earl Bathurst was partnering Mrs. A. Nunn, whose gown reflected the decorative motif on the uniform of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, some of whose members were on duty at the ball



Major Kenneth Shennan, Hon. Technical Adviser to the Industrial Committee, G.P.F.A., with Mrs. Shennan



Mr. and Mrs. David Napley had just decided to go to supper after a lengthy session of dancing



Mr. M. P. Price stopped for a word with the Mayor and Mayoress of Chellenham, Councillor and Mrs. T. L. Thompson



The Duke of Beaufort, president of the G.P.F.A., with Lady Boyce and Mrs. W. Shambrook, wife of the ball chairman



Chatting on for a while after supper, before returning to the ballroom, were Major and Mrs. Philip Birch, Dr. John Miles, Mrs. J. T. Grassie, Dr. J. T. Grassie and Mrs. John Miles



DINING OUT

The Meal That Does Not Mix

VISITORS continue to think that they might like to spend the evening dining at some quaint olde London tavern, when the natives know that most such places close up after lunch.

The chief merit of eating in a pub—apart from the honesty and relative cheapness of the food—is that draught beer is handy. Few restaurants serve draught. Some are ashamed of it, thinking it to lower the tone of the establishment. Others find that it is unprofitable, and needs too much care to keep in condition.

But some, I feel, agree with me that draught beer is so much a meal in itself that it does not mix easily. A pint or so with bread and cheese (and spring onions) is enough to ward off hunger for a few hours, and, if earned by good physical toil, excellent fare.

Still, there are plenty who like it with their chop, or steak and kidney pie.

That there is a future for pubs which serve food in the evening is suggested by developments. One that has enlarged itself is:—

THE RED LION (Waverton Street, Mayfair). This is the one by the wood-faced house at the end of Charles Street, and which in the summer months has a modest *terrasse* on the pavement.

The new dining-room is pleasant and smart. The Red Lion has long had a reputation for the quality of its meat, even during the lean years. Prices are of West End restaurant standard, and the beer is Watney's. Wines, of course.

A neighbour is **SHEPHERDS**, in the Market of that name. This old tavern was prettified just before the war and given a sedan chair for its telephone. It was a war-time haunt of the R.A.F. The upstairs dining-room is restful, and prices are about the same (e.g. rump steak 6s. 6d., roast beef 4s. 6d., Dover sole 6s. 6d.). Beer here is also Watney's.

Other recommended houses for dinner are the **NAG'S HEAD**, by the Opera House in Covent Garden, which sells Whitbread's beer, and the always admirable **ANTELOPE**, in Eaton Terrace, which is still, I believe, the only house selling Benskin's beer in central London.

THE next time you order *scampi* in a restaurant ask whether they are not Dublin Bay prawns.

I got the astonishing answer the other day that of course they were, and that they only become *scampi* when they are cooked! The fact is that for fifteen years or so the Dublin prawns have had to take the place of the imported ones.

I saw some genuine *scampi* in a fishmongers. It comes from the neighbourhood of the Venetian lagoons, and is plumper than our own prawns. But they had been dyed so vigorously that the brilliant red had come off on the paper.

—I. Bickerstaff



BIRTHDAY PRINCE WITH A SERIOUS AIR is little Crown Prince Carl Gustav. Now that he is eight years old, Sweden's future ruler must learn to become a scholar. This picture was taken at Castle Haga, Stockholm

Priscilla in Paris

Traffic Halted for the Bride

LAST summer, down at the Island, I went to a wedding. It was a *grand mariage* but the little bride walked to the church and it was charming to see how the country people rushed to smile and applaud as the bridal procession passed through the picturesque village street. . . . "What a pity one can't do this sort of thing in Paris," I thought.

I was wrong; recently it was done! This was at the wedding of Miss Deirdre Hewson to the comte Jean de Gavelle de Roany, and the young people walked back from St. Joseph's Church, in the avenue Hoche, to the lovely house belonging to the bridegroom's parents, just across the street.

The gold-laced beadles, gorgeous with plumed hats and halberds, led the way. Their majestic presence made the small page who strode bravely in their wake seem even

smaller than he was, despite his first pair of long trousers, in which he evidently felt quite a man of the world. The pretty bride's magnificent frock of old lace over tulle drew "oh's" and "ah's" of admiration from onlookers and the agents, who were holding up the traffic to allow the procession to cross the avenue, glowed as if they longed to smile as well as salute.

Alas, that the presence of M. André Le Trocquer, president of the National Assembly, forbade such a lapse of decorum.

AMONGST the guests were H. E. the Danish Ambassador, Minister and Madame Frangulis, Prince Wladimir Romanoff, the Grand Duke Andrew of Russia, the Minister of Monaco, Lady Sinclair, and Prince and Princesse de Broglie, to name but a very few members of the *tout Paris* (and *tout Europe*) present. It was a very perfect *entente cordiale* occasion.

After their tour in Northern Africa, Switzerland and France, Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—best beloveds of the Paris stage—are back at their theatre, the Michodière. They have produced the first play of a young writer: *Voici le jour*, by Jean Lasserre. A daring, unexpected play.

The first act opens as dusk gathers, the third act closes a few hours later with the dawn. In an imaginary, unregenerate South American republic a sisterhood of French nuns is persecuted by the populace; their convent is sacked and they themselves are dragged through the streets with every indignity. The Government, belatedly, gives orders for their protection. An officer and a few men are detailed to see them safely back to the convent. Dressed in the local colourful costumes that have been lent to them, their shorn heads swathed in gay scarves, the nuns, for the moment, have the appearance of "naught but gey wimmin!"

The Mother Superior of the sisterhood is very beautiful. Although she has been able to don her robe and wimple once more, the officer, to his dismay, is deeply attracted; and it is evident that she, even more dismayed than he, finds comfort in his presence. No avowals are made, their faces remain impassive, but with such players as Printemps and Fresnay words are not necessary.

ONE of the younger nuns has disappeared. In the middle of the night she returns.

She confesses to the Mother Superior that having willingly yielded to a man who had dragged her from the crowd that afternoon she afterwards, in a panic of self-horror and remorse, killed him and managed to get away without being seen. Bitterly, sternly, but with compassion, the Mother Superior sends her away to her cell and remains alone.

At dawn the officer returns. He knows, from his men, what has happened and that the guilty woman will be traced back to the convent. In what way, he wonders, can he save these women who will certainly refuse to give up their sister. But the Mother Superior has already decided and given her orders. The nuns are to remain in prayer, behind closed shutters, in their cells. It is she herself, the older woman, who, having sinned in thought, will pay for her younger sister's crime.

THE populace already is attacking the gates . . . the woman who emerges will be massacred as soon as she appears. The man who loves her knows it and knows that, accompanying her, he, also, will be killed. He holds out his hand, she takes it, touching him for the first time, and they go out together.

This bare synopsis reads like a *fait-divers*. . . perhaps it is one; but rarely has there been one so breathlessly moving, and this entirely due to the miracle of restrained playing by Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay.

Enfin!

Heard at a premiere.
The house-manager makes an announcement before the curtain: "Will the owner of car X.Y.Z. 66 kindly go to it. . . . The firemen are already there!"

QUEEN'S PROGRESS

IN her namesake's reign a Royal Progress was from county to county. The Queen's was from continent to continent, and everywhere her subjects came under the spell of her charm. The pictures here and on pages 404 and 409 recall highlights of the journey



ADIEU TO ENGLAND. Here the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh were waving farewell to England as they emplaned at London Airport to fly to the West Indies



HOLDING COURT IN JAMAICA, where a brief but eventful stop was made. Many guests were presented to Her Majesty at an evening party which was given in the grounds of King's House

**CONTINUED
OVERLEAF**

QUEEN'S PROGRESS



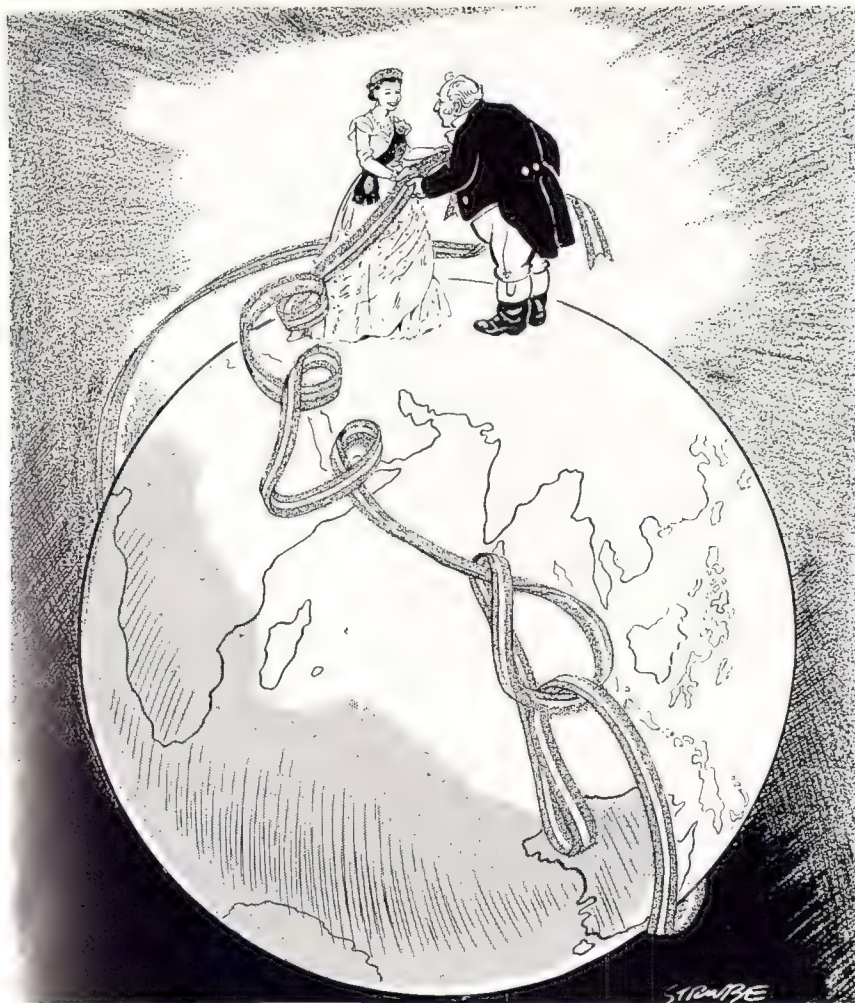
AT THE TONGAN FEAST, whose *chef d'œuvre* was sucking-pig, Her Majesty sat beside Queen Salote and the Duke of Edinburgh, enjoying a tropical banquet in fairy-tale surroundings



INVESTITURE IN FIJI. At Suva the Queen decorates Sgt. Naikava Lagi with the M.M. for services in Malaya



FROM A CAVE IN NEW ZEALAND the Queen steps lightly, clearly pleased with what she has seen. The Aranui cave, Waitomo, was but one of the many wonders New Zealand showed her



"Three cheers for Her Majesty the Queen."
The Royal Navy's salute rang round the coast



The great journey is over. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are aboard the Royal barge from the Britannia



After long absence, the Queen's smile . . .



Prince Charles walks with the Queen Mother



Two Princesses come happily ashore



HEART OF THE HOMECOMING WAS AT WESTMINSTER PIER

This simple human picture of the family reunion at Westminster Pier expresses the firmest bond which holds British nation and Commonwealth together



The Queen Mother asks her daughter a question. Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, The Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent, the Dukes of Gloucester and Edinburgh, listen

While Prince Charles and Princess Anne direct (as not infrequently on such occasions) their attention elsewhere, until the party is ready to move on again



THE PALACE IS BESIEGED

As the gates of Buckingham Palace close, the crowd beats at them with rejoicing. From the balcony the Queen, her husband and children wave their happiness to be home

QUEEN'S PROGRESS



ON FAMED BONDI BEACH the Royal visitors toured a Surf Carnival, and are here driving past some of the 100,000 holiday-makers who assembled to cheer them



SUNDAY IN CEYLON. After service, the Queen visited the Scots Kirk at Polwatta, where she is smiling at the ranks of excited Sunday School children who greeted her



HONOURED IN LIBYA. At Tobruk, the Queen and the Duke visited King Idris of Libya, who presented her with his personal Order

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

SOME time ago, apparently, there used to be a celebrated, if seedy, ex-bullfighter round Madrid—Blasco Ibañez put him into a novel—known as “Tragasombreros,” the Sombrero-Wolfer, his claim to fame being that one night in a tavern, for a bet, he ate his broad Cordovan felt hat, fried in strips. Compare the M.P. who, having (*vide Press*) sworn to his constituents to eat his hat on a Budget issue, couldn't even get through the hat-shaped cake-and-marzipan subterfuge with which he eventually deluded the bourgeoisie.

A similar swaggerer in a Chesterton story ultimately wears and eats a hat of cabbage-leaves, another pitiful retreat. The only decent way is that of the valiant Tragasombreros, who did it with the aid of strong jaws and lashings of good red Valdepeñas. Maybe the M.P. boy feared his own hat would be too tough and indigestible? It all depends. A chap tells us that in a country hotel he lately lunched off the Mayor's discarded bowler, thrown (as he discovered later by bribery) in the ashcan that morning—and retrieved by a food-conscious Mayoress for the chef at the *** Grumbleton Arms round about noon.—The chef tossed it into the stockpot. Half an hour later it was dried, baked, sliced, surrounded by billstickers' paste, and served for luncheon as *Le Rosbif Béchamel*. The colour seemed a trifle dark but (said this chap) everyone present was naturally too scared of a “scene” to complain. So the meek wellbred jaws went on working. . . .

Mumsie!

Daydream

WOMEN are now asking, in low, sweet, heart-piercing accents, why they can't be bank-managers. Or so one is assured by the Fleet Street boys, who are all aflame, the chivalrous little rascals.

In banking-circles, we find, the boys maintain, echoing *Cyrano de Bergerac* (“*Inspirez-nous des vers . . . mais ne les jugez pas!*”) that dainty white hands are created to scatter the Race's dough, not to hoard it professionally for usury. On looking up Bagehot's *Lombard Street*, a standard banking treatise, we find this was actually Bagehot's reply to Harriet Martineau when the lovely spoilt girl economist wanted one

day to be Governess of the Bank of England. Kissing her hand, Bagehot begged her to dismiss the thought.

“You are too exquisite, too disturbing.”

“Oh, Bagehot!” (*Pout.*)

“Those glorious eyes would play the devil with the fellows in Threadneedle Street and well you know it, you hussy.”

“Oh, Bagehot!” (*Blush.*)

“And those delicate hands—*laugh!* To think of them fondling the dough fills one with veritable horror.”

“Mumsie says—”

“And another thing, you'd meet the *wrong type of people.*”

Footnote

THIS is a major point which any English Rose yearning to manage banks in a big way should seriously consider. As La Martineau's Mumsie subsequently remarked: “That tiresome Mr. Bagehot, though he shattered my foolish Baby's daydreams rather ruthlessly, probably saved her from a fate worse than death.” Mumsie was probably thinking of the hard red faces inside the usury racket, not to speak of the leering, flabby ones outside. No offence.

Personal

A PEDANTIC chap—presumably an ex-Wrangler, being so good at figures—writes to tell us he calculates that if we were in the Blues during the Crimean War, as we seem to have let slip recently, we must be well over a hundred years old.

Well, sir, and what of it? A man is as old as he feels, and we don't mind telling anybody our secret, which is “*Play while you play, work while you work.*” At a hundred and twenty-five we're as fit as any of these decadent young dogs we see around, and damme, we'll give any of 'em fifty in the 200 any day, and no holds barred. Good, plain, honest, wellcooked British food, none of your damned French kickshaws, the cold tub at 6.30 every morning, the old daily dozen, the *Times* at breakfast—that's the ticket. *Mens sana fait rien*, as Disraeli once said to us laughingly. We live a healthy, open-air life, go in for every kind of manly British sport, barring bigamy, enjoy our bottle and bird, and still find time for a few City directorships, egad.

And we fear the good old breed is becoming extinct, alas; as in fact faithful old Mohammed Ali the khitmagar said as he died in our arms on the field at Balaclava, or maybe it was Cawnpore. “Colonel Sahib, if you don't mind my saying so, the old breed is becoming extinct, alas.” He then beckoned faintly and whispered something in our ear. If any white man present would care for an infallible old secret Rajput recipe for removing carbuncles from the neck, we don't mind passing it on. (Enclose P.O. 3/-.)

Alms

SOME time ago there was a citizen who used to tumble suddenly on the pavement in a fit—in Hampstead and St. John's Wood on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and

in Westminster and Chelsea the rest of the week. On being succoured and restored by kind hearts, he would, if possible, borrow the fare to Nottingham, where his aged mother lay dying, and depart with tears of gratitude.

There came a day when the cops gathered him in, not for the first time, and asked one of his latest victims, a chap we knew, to prosecute. This chap refused. The cops were highly piqued. “It is your duty as a citizen,” they said. “This man is a noted impostor and a public pest.” To which his benefactor replied: “I will do nothing of the sort. He has enabled me, among others, to exercise the rare and exquisite virtue of charity, of which I stand greatly in need. The hell, therefore, officers, with your bizarre suggestion.” So they had to ask the nearest social worker.

This still seems to us a reasonable point to raise with ladies with prominent eyes who speak on public platforms and want to put every poor begging man in jail, as one of them wished to recently. These sweethearts mean well but their hearts are shrivelled, and they do not understand, moreover, why a beggar, having collected a coin or two, should make a bee-line for the nearest pub. He does so because it makes him happy, as we once explained to a lady of this kind. *Happy!* (Back, none too attractive, turned with a whizz.)

Social

IF British Railways take over (*vide Press*) the Pullman Company's 206 cars on their system, the time is ripe for a generous gesture vainly suggested in this page before. (“You cur!” said the girl, biting her lip.)

Firstclass Pullman cars, as everybody knows, bear the elegant names of all the girls of the Four Hundred Mr. Pullman used to know, such as Yvonne, Pamela, Corisande, Angélique, and so forth, whereas thirdclass Pullman cars are merely numbered,—like cattletrucks. You still say this does not matter? We ask you to look any day at the faces of thirdclass Pullman passengers about to start from Victoria for Brighton. These homely pans betray an agony of self-conscious humiliation and despair. The number blazoned on their truck is graven deep on their sick hearts. They think people on the platform are saying “*Dear Mrs. Goldenkrantz, do look at the extraordinary collection in Car No. 189!* All these persons are numbered as well, Sir Nero tells me.” (Titter.)

Afterthought

THIS thought is extremely galling to chaps who have saved up several months for the fare and look forward to their little humble treat like the traveller in the Victorian poem:

The ardent tourist who gay scenes admires,
To join his train with rapt'rous joy aspires . . .

We don't ask for high-grade car-names, merely names suitable to a thirdclass condition and environment, such as “Mrs. Fred Grabshaw,” “Queenie Hopjoy,” “Ivy Tootle,” and so forth. All right, British Railways. Act up to your adjective, cullies.

~~~~~ BRIGGS. . . . by Graham ~~~~~







Prominent among the spectators were Mr. Ted Avory and Mr. F. T. Stowe, two of the English selectors, with Mr. Nigel Sharpe, who was formerly a British Davis Cup player

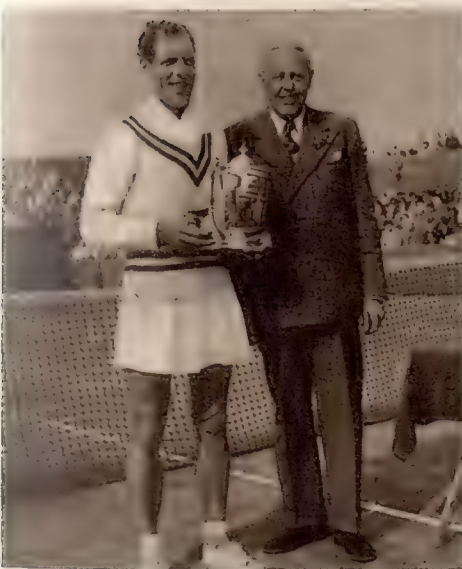


Two overseas champions training for Wimbledon are Miss Melita Ramirez and Mrs. Dorothy Levene

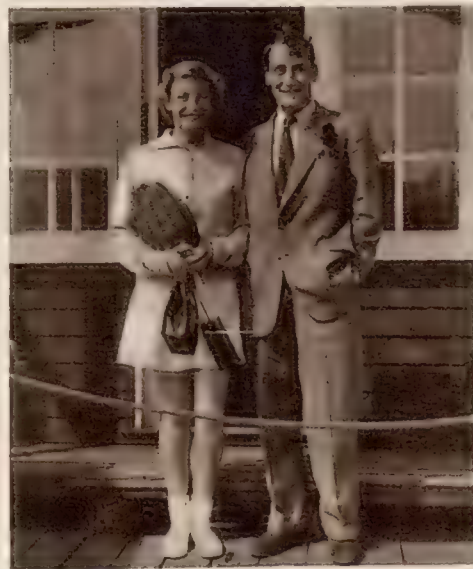


Mrs. Dorothy Little (née Round) talking to Mrs. Mary Halford, the Wightman Cup captain (left)

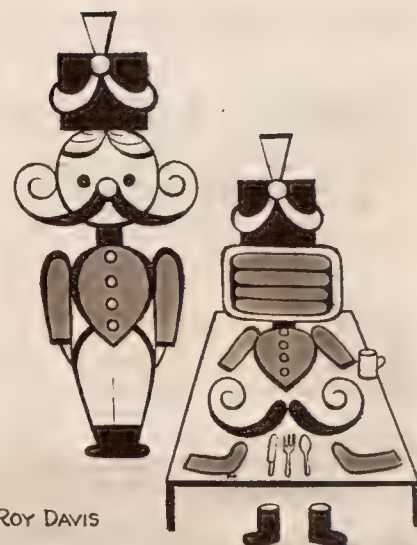
**AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS** the men's singles trophy in the National Hard Court Championships came back to England. Playing at Bournemouth, A. J. Mottram won it in convincing style for this country for the first time since Austin's victory in 1937.



The chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association, Mr. J. Eaton-Griffith, C.M.G., O.B.E., with A. J. Mottram



D. R. Stuart  
Miss Ann Shilcock, the British Wightman Cup player, with her fiancé, Mr. Denys Partridge



## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A HOTEL manager was giving advice to his new receptionist. "Always ask for money in advance when people have luggage that is over-emotional," he said. "Over-emotional?" echoed the receptionist. "Yes; too easily moved."

LONG ago three hermits lived in a cave and spent all their days staring at a wall, never speaking at all. One day a horse ran past the entrance. Six months later one of the hermits mumbled: "That was a nice brown horse." Six months later another hermit said, "That wasn't a brown horse, you know, it was white." About a year later the third hermit got up and stalked towards the entrance of the cave. "If we are going to have this constant bickering," he said, "I'm leaving."

A RETIRED Army officer with a fiery nose was asked to make a speech at the opening of the village hall. He took a friend into his confidence and said to him: "I'd like you to be present when I deliver this speech. You must start the laughter and applause. Every time I take a drink of water you must applaud, and every time I wipe my forehead you are to laugh."

"I think you'd better switch the signals round," said the friend. "I'm sure to start laughing if I see you up there drinking water."

THE sergeant stood before his batch of new recruits after they had performed an extremely bad drill.

"When I was a little boy," he said, softly, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. But one day somebody stole them and I was very miserable. My mother tried to comfort me, and she told me, 'Don't cry, son; you'll get them back some day.'"

He paused and eyed the recruits in disgust. Then his voice rose: "Mother was right! By heaven, I've got 'em now!"

ONE whole and one half-ticket, please," said a woman passenger.

The conductor stared at the boy sitting at her side. "You must pay full fare for that lad. He must be over fourteen."

"How can he be fourteen when I've only been married thirteen years?" the passenger demanded angrily.

"Madam," replied the conductor, icily, "I'm here to collect fares, not confessions."



## At The Pictures

NEAT SATIRE  
FROM GAUL

Frank Lovejoy and  
Mary Murphy in  
"Beachhead"

Neff, Michel Auclair and Michel Roux. The setting is Paris on July 14th and it is Dany's birthday. Where do we go from there?

Well, the authors cannot agree. One wants a sexy crime thriller; the other an idyll of young love between a midinette and a Press photographer. The characters oblige by playing both stories concurrently, a device which provides some neat opportunities, seized with Gallic zest, for satire on film-making in general.

Mlle Robin gives her usual exquisite performance as a tender girl on her first day out with her boy friend. As her rival, the husky-voiced Miss Neff gives a talented exposition of the more sophisticated feminine attributes.

SCIENTISTS are fired in 18,000-m.p.h. rockets into space in *Riders to the Stars* (Gaumont, Haymarket). Their task is to catch meteorites for Professor Herbert Marshall and an attractive lady scientist, Professor Martha Hyer. One of the scientists is William Lundigan, who gets both his meteor and, of course, the lady scientist.

Apart from the professor-meets-girl angle the production is impressive and fascinating. From the presence of scientific advisers among the credits I assume that the facts have some plausibility. Anyway, the display of scientific paraphernalia and real rockets were enough to suspend this layman's disbelief. Perhaps, though, to be on the safe side, one should take a small boy along to explain the difficult bits.

THE standard of looks among lady scientists is worthily upheld by Bella Darvi in *Hell and High Water* (Carlton). Richard Widmark is the commander of a private-enterprise submarine with a mission to investigate mysterious goings-on in Arctic islands. Professors Victor Francen and Bella Darvi are aboard and the latter's presence understandably upsets the crew's concentration. However, after a thrilling encounter with an unfriendly submarine, the expedition succeeds in scotching a Red plot to drop an atom bomb from a captured American bomber, thereby incriminating America. Widmark's breezy acting as the submarine commander carries the film along.

Another good action film is *Beachhead* (Gaumont, Haymarket), which takes us back to World War II in the Pacific. It records the adventures of a patrol of U.S. Marines, including Frank Lovejoy and Tony Curtis, whose mission is to extricate a French planter from a Japanese-held island. Of course the planter has a daughter, Mary Murphy, and this leads to complications.

Oh, the trouble that the ladies cause in this week's films.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Three doctors' wives settle down for a quiet chat after dinner. They were Mrs. E. C. Cassidy, Mrs. H. A. Galligan and Mrs. B. Burbage. The hosts all belong to the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland

IRISH SURGEONS in London formed their own Association only seventeen months ago, and it has proved immensely successful. So much so that their second annual dinner-dance was attended by a company of 180, who spent a most pleasurable time dining, listening to amusing speeches, and dancing until earliest morning



The Eire Ambassador, H.E. Mr. F. H. Boland, and Mrs. Boland had come on from a Mansion House dinner



The President of the Association and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice O'Regan, awaiting their first guests at the Hotel Rembrandt



Dr. Michael Howlett, president of the N.U.I. Club in London, Dr. Stanley Magner, Mrs. Howlett and Dr. Florence Magner



Van Hallan  
Dr. J. D. H. Widdess, President of the Association of the R.C.S.I., Miss Geraldine Jameson, Mrs. and Dr. J. R. Lawless





EVE BOSWELL, known as "South Africa's Queen of Song," has now appeared in variety throughout Britain and the Continent, and is also well known as a broadcaster. Last year she spent five months singing to the troops in Korea, and is due to appear on television's "Variety Parade" for the third time on May 29th. Hungarian-born, one of her greatest assets is her ability to sing in eleven languages. She is with her poodle Sugarbush, named after the song she made popular

## Television



## A BIRTHDAY PRESENT

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM is not only a great conductor but a vintage personality of the stimulant quality that is life's blood to television. Sir Thomas's seventy-fifth birthday talk amply repaid the hospitality of the screen, even though it was aimed perversely at his hosts. Among other barbed home truths, he observed that there is simply not enough talent anywhere to fill the television hours with entertainment of quality.

With the hard-pressed drama department struggling to deliver three or four plays weekly, the rare outstanding production deserves attention. As I had hoped, Rudolph Cartier's production of *That Lady* provided one occasion when guests could safely be invited to view and the second television play by which I have felt sincerely moved. The story suffered from starting in the middle. But decor and performance were of real distinction. Viewers must have been delighted to discover that we possessed, after the Oliviers, two romantic leads of the calibre of Joseph O'Connor and Edana Romney.

"**T**HE *Liberators*," on Sunday, suggests that the drama department has at last found a television author to back to the hilt. An adventurous Australian ex-officer, Ian McCormick, submitted half a play and was forthwith commissioned to write a whole tetralogy, two more separate pieces and a script for Norman Wisdom. Let us hope McCormick's four-in-hand lives up to expectation and to his theme: the post-war years from Italy to Korea.

Personalities are not all entertainers, politicians please note. "In the News" goes into recess next week unmourned by me. This rude party wrangle is poor television and worse politics, for by putting party before personality it shakes confidence in both.

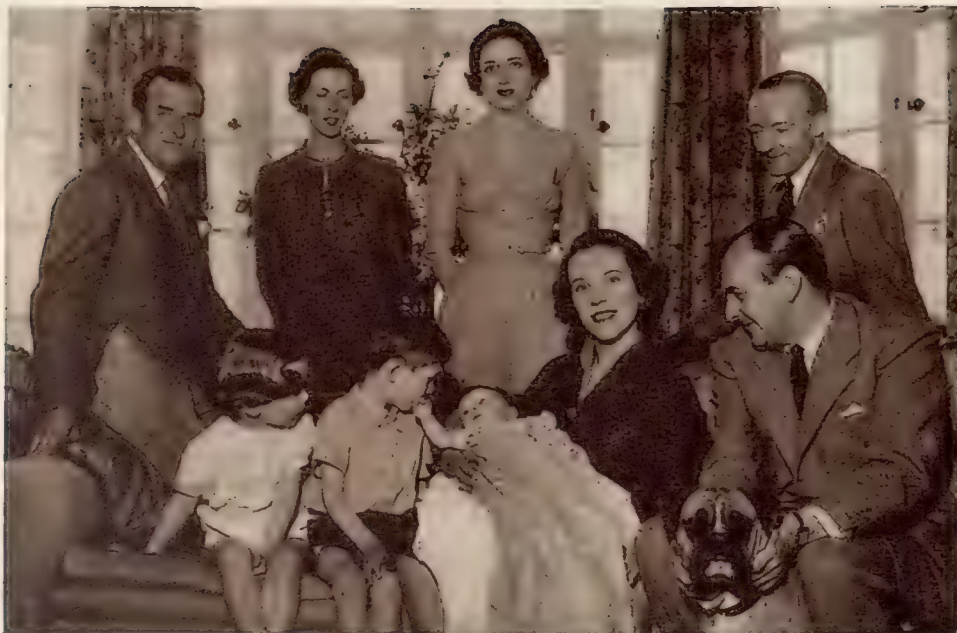
**O**FTEN the most effective television personalities are men of action or busy about concrete jobs, from the members of the Everest expedition to the wonderful weathermen (alone accorded the dignity of "Mr.") or Roger Bannister.

Bannister, on the day of his triumphant mile, was a scoop by "Sportsview," the new magazine programme, which has a slickness and professionalism only too rare. The first number was almost too slick. As commentator Peter Dimmock protested: "They're going so fast I don't know where I am." Now it is settling down to cover a wide range of sporting events with a smoothness that beguiled even me into watching five-a-side soccer with passion.

Wrestling or boxing seen across the dinner table I find unappetising. But I spent a wet Sunday afternoon enraptured by watching Frank Sawyer cast his dry fly on the Avon. With Windsor Horse Show to-morrow, cricket, Ascot and Wimbledon to follow, set-owners should prepare for company. For television undoubtedly can offer a closer-than-ringside seat.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart





Jackson

AT THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF RUSPER, SUSSEX, the infant daughter of Sir Derek Gilbey, Bt., and Lady Gilbey was christened Camilla Elizabeth. Here at their home, Culross, Faygate, near Horsham, are (behind) Mr. Nicholas Pease, Mrs. Geoffrey Butler, Mrs. John Greenish and Lord Cullen of Asbourne, the godparents, and (in front) Sir Derek and Lady Gilbey with their daughter, their five-year-old son, and Damian Greenish

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# The Rocky Hill Tragedy

ROBERT PENN WARREN is one of America's important novelists of the South—associated with *The Southern Review*, Kentucky born. His 1948 Pulitzer Prize novel, *All The King's Men*, is probably best known here; but with every book he looms larger on our side of the water. Modern American literature is a force which we here in Britain are bound to recognise—it is making a growth and reaching a height, and, also, it reaches back to recapture tracts of the American past.

It gives voice to much which, in a vast and inevitably somewhat inchoate country, had hitherto been silent—indeed, in that sense it is playing its part in creating America's identity. But also, as literature cannot fail to do, it makes fresh, universal, human discoveries: it is thus of interest, as literature, to the rest of the world.

This time, Mr. Penn Warren embarks upon an experiment: his *BROTHER TO DRAGONS* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.) is described by him as "A Tale in Verse and Voices." He adopts a modern equivalent of the antique manner; for he is handling tragedy at a level for which prose might not be intense enough.

His subject, taken from real life, is literally extremely dreadful—so much so, indeed, that *Brother to Dragons* may not be everybody's book. But the author has found in his theme, and conveys to us, searching poetic implications: tragedy, as we know, is not mere catastrophe. Tragedy involves the noblest elements in man. The classic dramas, we may recall, turned often on what we would nowadays call crime. And in this case, the central incident is a brutal murder—an atrocious act which blotted the margin of one of the fairest pages of American history.

In 1811, in Kentucky, upon the night of a great earthquake, two brothers murdered a slave. The young men, Lilburn and Isham Lewis, were

nephews of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, author of the Declaration of American Independence and of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom. Jefferson's noble hold on his country's pride, both within his lifetime and ever since, has to be realised: he was the architect of a then young and growing civilisation. His humanistic outlook expressed itself in the buildings of which he was architect in the literal sense—Charlottesville University, Virginia, and his own house Montecello; which, august upon a Virginian hilltop, is as fair and gracious as anything in Italy.

Widely travelled, learned, lover of beauty, Jefferson aimed to enrich the New World with what he had revered in the Old. The Declaration, as worded by him, embodied an ideal—he believed in the perfectability of Man. How, one may wonder, would such an idealist react to a dastardly crime on the part of his sister's sons?

THE reaction was, apparently, utter silence. No reference to the Rocky Hill affair is, in real life, known to have passed the President's lips. In his book, Mr. Penn Warren has taken poetic licence: gathering together the protagonists in the dark drama, including himself among them as modern spokesman or, as it were, chorus, he summons also the shade of Thomas Jefferson, giving him words, too, for the wound which had gone so deep.

Rocky Hill, as pictured in *Brother to Dragons*, became indeed a sort of Wuthering Heights, with Lilburn as its still more terrible Heathcliff and the weaker Isham as his dark-souled accomplice. In a corner trembled Lætitia, Lilburn's girl-wife. Solitude, drink and demoralisation did their work—the brothers became obsessed by a suspicious hatred of their own slaves; whose dishonesty and heartlessness, they averred, had in effect killed their beloved mother. Broken cups, torn linen and disappearing spoons were seen as not only sacrilege against Lucy's memory, but as evidences of black

conspiracy. The brothers' hate came to centre around one particular young slave, George. They waited their moment, and when at last a pitcher, their mother's favourite, was let fall from the slave's terrified hands, they set upon George and hacked him to death—with the other slaves, summoned, all standing by.

Bidden to silence, none dared speak: Rocky Hill abode with its dreadful secret. But by means of the earthquake, coming that very night, Nature herself began on the work of vengeance—the grave into which the boy had been cast re-opened. Lilburn's devoted hound, so often kicked, was the means of bringing an ultimate justice upon his master.

It may, indeed, be wondered how such a tale was not found too brutal to dwell upon. It can only be said that, by majestic language, pity and light of imagination, Mr. Penn Warren somehow redeems his subject and gives it a human meaning for us.

★ ★ ★

AFTER this it is pleasurable to return to the field of heroism, pure and simple. Carola Oman's *LORD NELSON*, in the "Brief Lives" Series (Collins; 7s. 6d.), is splendid reading. At the same time, this biography has the value of being acute: Miss Oman, its well-chosen author, reminds us that heroism, though by its nature pure, is, in fact, seldom simple—it is the complications of Horatio Nelson's temperament which, allied to his naval genius, give him his special place in our hearts. The Admiral, alas, came too late in time to have provided what he demands to be—a figure for Shakespeare. The Hoppner portrait, this volume's frontispiece, shows in the stance of the figure, youthful at forty-three, and the subtle, pensive expression of the features, the play of the qualities, some of them contradictory, from which the singleness of the man of action emerged. The victories seem to us all the greater for having been interspersed by periods of frustration. It is in looking upon this face that, with soaring spirits—for this man triumphed—one recognises all that went to the making of "the Nelson touch."

His Anthony to Lady Hamilton's somewhat tawdry Cleopatra delayed him, indeed, little upon his way. But Trafalgar was his destiny, and he knew it. Miss Oman tells the Nelson story admirably and straightforwardly: the career is well traced, the political background is touched in, and her accounts of the battles (to which diagrams are attached) are superb and exciting. One is reminded that the "Brief Lives" Series, though its high standard makes it appeal to adults, was originally intended for boys and girls—this intention, I feel, should remain important. For one must remember how the Victorian practice of whitewashing heroes for the benefit of the young was to result, later, in fierce debunking. This, though an all-round book about Nelson, is in its ultimate effect splendid and fair: I can think of no better volume than this one to go into youthful hands.

(Continued on page 426)







*Amused at a near-by incident which occurred after dinner were Mr. James Taylor, Miss Penny Cave-Brown-Cave, Mr. Hugh Corrie and Miss Mary Nicholson*

## BUNBURY CLUB DANCED, DINED BY CANDLELIGHT

OLD students of Trinity, Cambridge, who formed the Bunbury Club about four years ago, attended the Club's first annual ball at 45, Park Lane. Nearly 250 members and their friends were present and it is hoped that this ball will be but the first of many to celebrate the progress of a society which has shown remarkable powers of endurance, founded on shared tastes



*"Madam, will you walk; Madam, will you talk?"—Mr. Robin Gold to his partner, Miss Mary Gerard-Smith*



*Looking across the ballroom to greet their friends were Miss Sarah Lawson and Mr. Christopher Hartley*



*In between dances Miss Margaret Watson and Mr. Peter Webster enjoyed a drink and a cigarette*



*Mr. John Taylor, one of the two organisers of the ball, drank champagne with Miss Sally Francis*



*In a quiet corner, Miss Jane Hebblethwaite had her glass refilled by the Hon. Geoffrey Wilson*



*Lady Rose Alexander with her partner, Mr. Alastair Maclean, the other organiser of this successful ball*









Dior designed jewellery in a gold and pearl effect. Earrings, brooch and bracelet, priced at £5, £7 10s. and £12 10s. respectively, that are just right with this ensemble

## Fashion Choice of the Week

WE have chosen Mercia's useful little pure silk two-piece for its all-summer-long adaptability. Here is a covered-up suit for city pavements and a graceful, short-sleeved dress for a country garden-party. The pretty, pleated skirt can hang absolutely straight and narrow, or pushed out, as we have shown it here, with a stiff petticoat. Priced at 19½ gns., it comes from Mercia's own showrooms at 10 Cavendish Place, or you can buy it from Marshall and Snelgrove at Manchester who supplied the accessories shown on these two pages

MARIEL DEANS



This is the dress without the jacket. The collarless neck follows exactly the same outline as that of the coat. The bodice is gathered under the bust, the short sleeves finished with cuffs above the elbows. The black piece-straw hat with the shallow curving line of a leaf costs 14 gns. The hat shown on the opposite page is made of toast-coloured straw trimmed with rosy-red Petersham. It costs £12 19s. 6d.

## DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

SUDDEN announcement by L., returning from dancing class, that she must have a costume for the class's display ballet, fills me with both fury and nostalgia. Costume, sketch provided by dancing instructor, is to consist of tight mother-of-pearl-sequined bodice, plus several layers of tarlatan tu-tu in pink and yellow. Instructor, according to L., is sure that I have old evening dress I can cut up.

It is no good bearding instructor in den and asking grounds for assumption (a) that old evening dresses are not in active use, (b) that I habitually dress, even after dark, in sequins and pink and yellow tarlatan. Angrily purchase sequins and tarlatan and make dress.

L., pirouetting in finished creation in front of long mirror, demonstrates various steps which she describes by expert traditional names, and asks if I ever learned similar steps when I was a little girl in the Olden Days.



Gain temporary but all too short-lived advantage by demonstrating that I can get my toes wider apart than she can and also stand on the tips without blocked shoes, in spite of encroaching age, whitening hair and general decrepitude.

INCIDENT coincides with admonitory article in favourite woman's magazine insisting that gentle exercise may possibly subtract from waistline and simultaneously add to other measurements. Shuddering at the thought of bathroom toe-touching before an open window, I decide to pursue physical culture by joining local housewives' class in Greek dancing. (Even if L. is impressed by my ballet, it is unlikely that anyone else will be.)

Foregather, therefore, with other contemporaries in local hall, all casting off foundation garments like a collection of halt and lame preparing to bathe in Ganges. After sneaking glance at contemporaries in gilt-frame pier glass, decide that head can be held up, waistline being no worse than many others, and file sheepishly into hall.

BLONDE instructor aged about twenty and wearing incredibly becoming practice-suit in black velvet, surveys us all with benign contempt, and asks if we remembered to bring our books. Hiss query to plump red-head in front as to what kind of culture this is, anyway, but am at once silenced by entire

(Continued overleaf)



# CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

gathering placing variegatedly bound volumes on their heads and standing to ramrod attention.

Bored-looking pianist strikes up song-without-words, and madly concentrating contemporaries glide forward in more or less graceful walk, giving occasional frantic jab at wobbling volumes. I hastily snatch handsome presentation engagement diary from bag, place it on head, and, congratulating myself on fact that diary is bound in synthetic plush that clings, slink forward in pursuit of plump red-head.

**I**NSTRUCTOR, leaping like gazelle from platform, picks me out with unerring skill, removes diary with gay remark that I wouldn't cheat, would I, pats diaphragm playfully with order to keep that in, smacks behind laughingly with order to keep that in, too, and chucks me under chin telling me not to



poke same forward. She then slams heavy spikily filled handbag on my head and tells me I am an Arab girl wearing flowing draperies and carrying pitcher to well. Try to persuade her that if I were Arab girl I should trip over draperies and smash pitcher, and that this is supposed to be Greek dancing, anyway, but she soothes me with soft insistence that I shall be as good as the others with a little practice.

**W**E then pass on to Eurhythmics, which most of the others manage to do very skilfully in canon, with the right hand in one position and the left following it in the next. Plump red-head in front is very good at this, though I am relieved to see that several participants are unable to keep up without sticking out their tongues and assuming a look of glassy introspection. Manage for myself by fixing eyes firmly on plump red-head and following her with whirlwind concentration only about half a beat behind.

Instructor stops us and raises sycophantic laughter by remarking that newcomer is not just in canon but in syncopation as well, softening blow by adding that this is at least clever. She then says that we have had enough by now, haven't we?

**I**EMERGE from slight shock caused by plump red-head waving gay farewell with the remark that she must rush off to baby-sit with her grandchildren, to find instructor saying smilingly that it will be nice to see me next week. Do I think, she adds, that I could buy or make myself some kind of a practice-dress—just a simple thigh-length tunic like that of a medieval page, in velvet or georgette or brocade or something? No doubt I've got an old evening dress I could cut up. . . .

— Diana Gillon



Susan Small's Sudan cotton tartan print has a particularly pretty neckline with a wide sailor collar. It is double-breasted, does up with large, matt, black buttons and has a black patent-leather belt. It comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge and costs 10 gns.

Brien Kirley

## Summer Cottons

**A**LMOST the nicest clothes to choose and to wear are our cotton frocks (writes Mariel Deans). They pre-suppose sunshine and hot weather, they are not expensive, and we don't have to worry about living with them for years and years. Gaily coloured and flattering, suggestive of holidays and good times generally, here are four pretty little numbers that we have chosen from amongst the hundreds of models being shown in London now





Atrima's cotton piqué dress is trimmed with black buttons to match its cleverly shaped black belt. The bandana scarf that our model is wearing round her head is part of the ensemble. Finnigans of Bond Street stock this dress. It costs about 11 gns.

Vernier







# Summer Cottons

(On the opposite page) A charming grey and white checked gingham dress by Linzi has a pretty cross-over bodice and bands of black braid under the bust and over the hips. It is stocked by Harrods, and is priced at 79s. 6d.

(Below) One of Horrockses delightful wallpaper-print cottons, with a design of roses in pink on white and in black outline on pink again. It is stocked by Cresta shops and costs 6 gns.







Natural beauty is the idea behind this new type of costume jewellery, made by Asprey & Suchy from growing things. A leaf, feather or shell is selected and encased in 22 carat gold. So skilfully is this done that though the gold covering is hard and untarnishing, every feature of the object is clearly visible. Prices of the jewellery shown here range from 30s. to 10 guineas. From Debenham & Freebody



Graceful and gay, these charming umbrellas are ideal for protecting summer frocks from summer rain. On the left 79s. 6d. On the right five guineas. Bourne & Hollingsworth

## SHOPPING

# EXCITING ETCETERAS

SUNSHINE and summer frocks call for gay accessories. Here are some for day and evening wear on a bright May day. Should there chance to come a sudden shower, that, too, has been taken care of

—JEAN CLELAND



Designed for travel and holidays, at home and abroad, these little books keep the addresses of hotels and the people you meet neatly docketed and ready to hand. £1 19s. 6d. for a set of three. From Fortnum & Mason





These fascinating glass ornaments can be worn in the hat or on the lapel. Dragon and horse, 7s. 6d. each. Three others 9s. 6d. each. From Bourne & Hollingsworth



Latest thing for summer wear are these smart accessories in straw. Stole 39s. 11d. Hat 19s. 11d. Cravat 19s. 11d. Skirt five guineas. Bourne & Hollingsworth

Dennis Smith

## BEAUTY

# THE USEFUL YOLK

COMING across a soap egg—left over from Easter—in our bathroom, set me thinking of the days before the war, when eggs were used as a means to beauty. A very effective means, too. Hairdressers and beauticians alike were agreed as to their beneficial properties, and regretted the conditions which made them too precious to be regarded as anything but a food for the table.

Now, however, when they are in such plentiful supply again that one can toss up pancakes and omelets with a light heart, it is not surprising to hear that they are once more taking the form of beauty treatments.

INQUIRING into the matter, I asked a leading hairdresser whether he thought an egg was of real benefit to the hair. "No doubt about it," he said. "It is good for the scalp, and it is invigorating; it helps the hair to keep clean much longer, and gives it a lovely sheen." He then proceeded to tell me the best way of using an egg for this purpose. So if you happen to have an odd one to spare, or one that has been dropped and cracked, here is a way of giving your hair an inexpensive, but valuable treatment.

First of all bear in mind that the fresher the egg the better the result. Start by washing the hair with a good shampoo (soap or soapless, whichever suits you best). Rinse well, then dry slightly to remove some of the surplus damp. Now take the egg and separate the

yolk from the white. Beat the yolk well up, and if you want a treatment-de-luxe, add two teaspoons of rum. Massage this mixture well into the scalp, and finally rinse thoroughly in tepid water.

There is not the slightest doubt that here you have a treatment that is splendid both for beauty and for the health of the hair, and since you are using only half an egg (the white can be whipped up and used for cooking purposes) it costs next to nothing. The rum—which gives



Coty's new lipstick in candy-stripe case

a "plus" to the whole thing—adds a little to the expense, but if preferred, can be done without.

Turning from hair health to facials, many people will, I think, be glad to know that Elizabeth Arden is now giving the egg mask that was so popular before the war. If there is anything better for smoothing out wrinkles and giving the skin a thoroughly well-nourished feeling, and a soft bloom, I have yet to meet it.

JUST to make sure that I had remembered this treatment aright, and was not nostalgically exaggerating its virtues, I went along to the Arden salon and spent a restful and rewarding hour, during which I found it to be as good as ever.

For the benefit of those who have never had a mask of this kind, this is how it is done. The skin is cleansed, then patted with skin tonic, and finally massaged with skin food (chosen according to its individual need). When all this has been done, the egg mask (made with fresh eggs, rich oils and other ingredients) is smoothed gently all over the face, and left on five-ten minutes. This is extraordinarily soothing and nourishing, and has a rejuvenating effect on the complexion.

WHEN dry, the mask is removed with tissues moistened with skin tonic, after which a little cream (suitable to the type of skin) is spread over the face. This is then covered with large pads of cotton-wool soaked in astringent lotions. Lastly, ice is rubbed (on top of the pads) along the contours, and while the cold seeps through, the client lies back and relaxes. The final touch is the make-up, which is done so skilfully that it looks completely natural.

After a treatment of this kind, it is no exaggeration to say that the skin is like the "rose softly blooming."

—J. C.



## ENGAGEMENTS



*Lenore*  
Miss Elizabeth A. S. Lukis, daughter of Maj.-Gen. W. B. F. Lukis, C.B.E., R.M. (retd.) and Mrs. Lukis, of Victoria, B.C., is engaged to Cdr. Edward F. Archdale, D.S.C., R.N., son of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Archdale, Bt., C.B.E., R.N. (retd.) and Lady Archdale, of Crowborough, Sussex



**MAUDE—DOYLE**

Mr. Maurice C. Maude, son of the late Mr. C. H. Maude, and the late Mrs. Maude, of Lenaghan, Enniskillen, married Miss Venetia Doyle, only daughter of Mr. W. P. Doyle, and Mrs. Violet Forbes, of Flag Lodge, Tadworth, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square



**ASHWORTH—ALLSEBROOK**

Dr. Nigel Ashworth, son of Col. and Mrs. E. W. Ashworth, of Duror, Argyll, married Miss Rachel Allsebrook, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. Allsebrook, of Lillington, Leamington, at St. Mary Magdalene, Leamington

## THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review

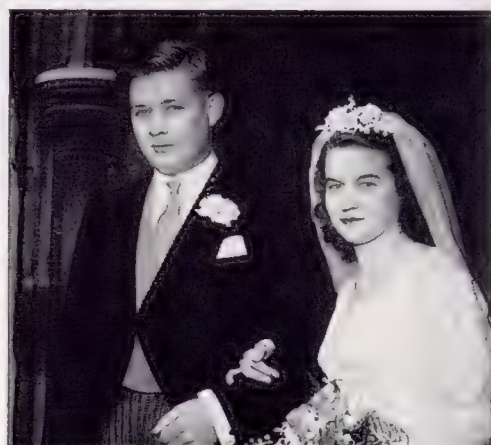


*Michael Dunne*  
Miss Rose Evelyn Cotterell, daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Lettice Cotterell, of Garnons, Hereford, is engaged to be married to Mr. Charles Hambro, son of Sir Charles Hambro, K.B.E., and the late Mrs. Hambro, of Dixon Manor, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire



**PARRACK—STEVENSON**

At Stonelaw Church, Rutherglen, Mr. Geoffrey Beach Parrack, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parrack, of Exeter House, Putney Heath, S.W.15, married Miss Isobel Andrews Stevenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stevenson, of Rutherglen, Glasgow



**BARRY—CHEESEMAN**

Mr. Edward B. Barry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Barry, of Hull and York, and Miss Bernice P. Cheeseman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Cheeseman, of Isleworth, Middlesex, were married at the church of St. Mary's, Osterley



Princess Marie-Gabrielle von Urach-Württemberg, daughter of H.S.H. Prince Albrecht von Urach, Count of Württemberg, and his first wife, formerly Miss Rosemary Blackadder, is to marry the Hon. Desmond W. Guinness, son of Lord Moyne, of Biddesden House, Andover, and his first wife, the Hon. Lady Mosley



**WILDE—RILEY**

Mr. Lawrence Wilde, son of the late Mr. Wilde, and Mrs. Wilde, of The Holly Bush, Epsom Road, Ewell, Surrey, married Miss Patricia Eva Riley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Riley, at St. Mary's Church, Wimbledon



**POYNTON—MILLER**

At the church of St. Michael and All Angels, Bournemouth, Lt. Eric C. Poynton, R.N., son of Mr. A. C. Poynton and the late Mrs. Poynton, of Queen's Road, Radpole, Dorset, married Miss Ann Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller, of Highwood, Lindsay Road, Bournemouth





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## Book Reviews (Continuing from p. 414)

## THE SMILE OF MARY ANNE



DAPHNE DU MAURIER's new novel, *MARY ANNE* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), carries a double dedication: "To Mary Anne Clarke, my great-great-grandmother . . . and to Gertrude Lawrence, who was to have acted the part on the stage." With unfailing du Maurier skill, the author has coupled family interest with dramatic sense. Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, resourceful as she was fascinating—at least to some—has had her detractors: whether this lengthy, lively story of her career will add to her

prestige depends on the reader's taste.

Seldom has any lady caused greater trouble—nor, indeed, gone to greater trouble herself: her influence on the Duke of York, son of George III, Commander-in-Chief for some time during his father's reign, resulted (when the lovers had fallen out) in an Army scandal on a gigantic scale, very rightly followed by a public inquiry.

No man who had loved Mary Anne ever forgot her. What was it?—for one thing, there was the smile. What Gertrude Lawrence would have made of her we shall now, alas, never behold. But that Miss du Maurier's ancestress heroine nonetheless is destined for stage and screen, we may be certain.

★ ★ ★

WOULD life be different if one could live it over again? The question is raised—not, I fear, answered—by Barbara Goolden's novel, *Return Journey* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.). Veryan Meadows, mousey spinster daughter of a canon of the Church of England, arrives, somewhat shaken, at Heaven's gates: she has been run over by a tram. On the whole, her career upon earth has been dim; she feels she has been given a bad deal.

As an experiment, she is returned to earth, plus the fatal gift of beauty, to re-live the year 1924. She produces a furore in village life by her disconcerting, frank and innocent sayings—which, alas, have an ancient ring and seem somewhat trite. The situation, as a whole, presents complications which Miss Goolden seems to have failed quite to have grasped. "Leave that sort of thing to Shaw or Pirandello," advises (though in another context) one of the characters, too truly.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

DURING last year's Promenade Concerts Arthur Benjamin's "Concerto for Harmonica and Orchestra" was given its first hearing and scored a distinct and deserved success. Here is a short three-movement work written, no doubt, with the present soloist Larry Adler in view.

On the recently made recording of this work Basil Cameron, conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, gives full support to Adler, and it is obvious that both he and the orchestra enjoyed their performance enormously, which is just as it should be, for the result, aided by Columbia's technicians, is entirely satisfactory. The coupling is the Vaughan Williams "Romance for Harmonica, String Orchestra and Piano forte," written in the composer's eightieth year, and giving Larry Adler all possible scope to show off his virtuosity and musical ability. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts for this work, which I feel is a little less satisfactory technically than the Benjamin Concerto. (Columbia 33.S1023.)

Robert Tredinnick

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OFFERING HER NEWSPAPER for all to read is Deborah Allen, aged eighteen months. She is the daughter of Capt. P. A. Allen, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Mrs. Allen, now at Liverpool



BABES IN THE WOOD was a fine game thought John and Jane Bazzard, the children of Major J. C. Bazzard, M.C., M.A., and Mrs. Bazzard, as they played in the grounds of their home at Teynham, Kent



WE WELCOME HERE family snapshots submitted by readers, which we are confident will have an appeal to a wider circle of friends. The Editor is always pleased to see further contributions



ASTRIDE HIS STEED, perhaps dreaming of future winners or hunts to come, is two-year-old Robert Bruce Alexander Guth, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar A. Guth, of Vauchuse, Sydney



CASTLES IN THE FOAM were the delight of David and Brian Cobbledick, aged twelve and five, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Cobbledick, as they romped on the beach near their home at Torrington, Devon



THREE HAPPY SANDBOYS were Michael, Timothy and Susan Hardinge, aged four, six and eight, the children of Cdr. and Mrs. P. Hardinge, on holiday in South Africa





*light headed*

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## Motoring

Oliver Stewart

# The Paradox Of Efficiency

WHEN, in obedience to the orders of our mentors, we bow respectfully to the marvels of mechanization, we might, perhaps, be allowed one reservation. Experience shows that every fresh marvel, every new engineering achievement for improving efficiency and obtaining higher production for fewer man-hours, is followed by an increase in prices.

This was the disturbing point that came to my mind when I was listening to Sir Reginald Rootes announcing the new Commer two-stroke diesel engine. Sir Reginald suggested that the development of the diesel was the one hope of reducing passenger transport charges.

Readers know that at the beginning of the year I bought a diesel-engined car for my personal use. On going over the figures for the first five thousand miles I find that I am motoring more cheaply than I have done before, even when an adjustment is made for the value of the pound. So my experience supports Sir Reginald's view. But look now at London Transport. They have gone over to diesel engines and they claim that their vehicles are well maintained. Yet they keep on putting up prices.

NOW look at the farmers. The more they mechanize, the higher go the prices. In the days before farmers, at the behest of the Ministry of Agriculture, became mechanics, farm produce was cheaper than it is now. With every fresh mechanical implement and every new weed poison, artificial manure, pest destroyer and labour-saver, the prices of farm produce go up and its quality goes down—and that is true even when an adjustment is made for the value of the pound. Clearly there is something wrong about the marvels of mechanization.

Now let us look at what the new Rootes

diesel can do. It can transport forty-four people at an average speed of over 30 miles an hour with a fuel consumption better than 20 miles to the gallon. It uses no more fuel to carry a platoon of people about than is used by a private car carrying three or four. Give this new instrument to the operator and I can see no earthly reason why he should not be able to reduce passenger charges. I am assuming that Mr. Butler will act in accordance with the advice of the fuel utilization people and encourage rather than discourage the efficient employment of fuel.

As for the new engine, it is a brilliant piece of original thinking. It has three cylinders and in each cylinder are two opposed pistons. They move towards one another to compress the air and they move away from one another on the power stroke. Their movement is transmitted to the crankshaft by way of piston rods, rockers and connecting rods. Fuel injection is by C.A.V. pump and there is a blower for controlling the air flow through the cylinders (it is not a supercharger). Observe that there are not only no coils, contact points, condensers or sparking plugs; but there are no valves and valve gear. And remember the words of the American motor-car maker: "What you don't fit don't give no trouble." Basically we have here a more trustworthy configuration than any other yet on the market.

My conclusion is that we have in the new Commer two-stroke diesel an advance in engineering which *must* give lower transport costs unless there is gross mishandling by operators or by the Government. I shall watch closely the results secured as these new diesel engines come into wider service.

LORD VENTRY writes to me to say that I failed to recognize Sir John Capper in one of the old photographs I printed a couple of weeks ago to illustrate incidents in the early



"Why don't you look where you're telling him to go!"

history of Rolls-Royce. I am particularly grateful for this correction because Colonel Capper, as he then was, is one of the great pioneers whose name was well known to everybody who was stationed at Farnborough in the early days of aviation. The fact that Capper appears in this picture with Rolls makes it a doubly interesting document. Sir John Capper is to this day interested in airship development. He was Commandant of the Balloon School before World War One.

THE first principle of good eating is to vary the dishes, for uniformity produces distaste which reacts upon the digestion." I quote from Escoffier's *Ma Cuisine* because Escoffier inspired the formation of the Club des Sans-Club and by compiling its "Auberges de France," this organization helps the motorist who is touring on the Continent to find as much variety as anyone could wish.

A few days ago the Seymour Press, who publish this volume, held a party to celebrate the thirtieth year of the Club des Sans-Club and to launch a new edition of the guide. This edition is in English, a language which does not lend itself to lyrical descriptions of dishes. Nevertheless it is well done and the system for informing the traveller of the quality of the cooking and of the prices is excellent. It consists in a precise choice of epithets, which are printed in bold type. Thus one will read that the so-and-so restaurant offers a "meal of good quality" or "first class" or "plain family cooking." It is a useful volume and it makes one wonder why, in England, our hotels, inns and restaurants seem to be incapable of stating their prices as frankly.

## Officers of the 1st Commonwealth Divisional Engineers

They are R.E.s except where otherwise stated. *Back row:* Lt. J. P. K. Crawford, 2/Lt. T. J. C. Christie, Lt. G. W. Roberts, 2/Lt. B. Atkins, R.N.Z.E.M.E.; 2/Lt. P. C. Harvey; 2/Lt. J. H. Chislett; 2/Lt. M. P. Siliros; 2/Lt. G. W. A. Napier; Lt. R. D. Keene, R.C.E.; Lt. A. J. Hiscock, R.C.E.; Lt. C. A. Lowry, R.C.E. *3rd row:* Capt. K. V. Mackay; Capt. A. F. Skeil; 2/Lt. R. L. Tobias; Lt. P. Chisholm, R.C.E.; 2/Lt. R. J. J. Carter; Lt. D. C. Kneebone, R.A.E.; Capt. R. R. Thompson; Lt. P. J. Hunt; Lt. K. E. Snider, R.C.E.; Lt. H. Tiley, R.C.E.; Lt. J. Fulton, R.C.E.; Lt. H. R. Bohne, R.C.E. *2nd row:* Capt. A. R. Dale, R.A.P.C.; Lt. M. Nottingham; Lt. R. W. Dowdall; Capt. W. M. Moncur; Capt. G. F. G. Cowie; Capt. G. F. Rose; Capt. W. G. Macdonald; Capt. G. Hunt, R.N.Z.E.; Capt. D. M. Jefferis; Capt. S. D. Lewis; Capt. E. J. Sharp; Capt. A. J. Arcand, R.C.E.; Capt. F. M. Warrick; Capt. A. D. Leschen, R.A.M.C. *Front row:* Capt. A. A. McPherson, R.C.E.; Capt. H. G. Robertson; Major V. H. S. Hannay, M.C.; Major L. Scott-Bowden, D.S.O., M.C.; Major G. S. Montanaro, D.S.O.; Lt.-Col. H. M. Millar; Col. A. H. M. Morris, D.S.O., M.C., G.M.; Major W. J. Brown, C.D., R.C.E.; Major L. E. C. Schmidlin, M.B.E., M.C., C.D., R.C.E.; Major T. E. Morgan; Major W. E. Dotterill; Capt. R. G. Gardiner-Hill; Capt. D. J. Overton.

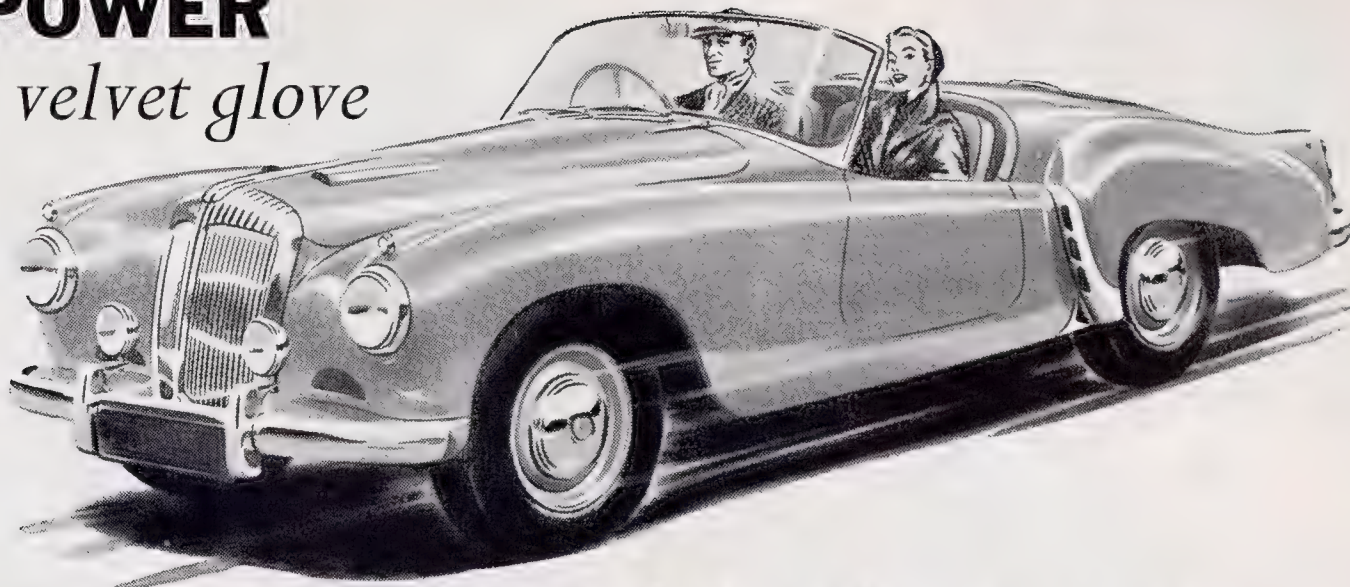


A COMMONWEALTH  
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The 1st Commonwealth Divisional Engineers, raised in 1951 with the rest of the Division, is composed of six subsidiary units and detachments. With its officers are seen Patrol dog Eros, Tracker dog Query and Patrol dog Galloper, of the Dog Troop



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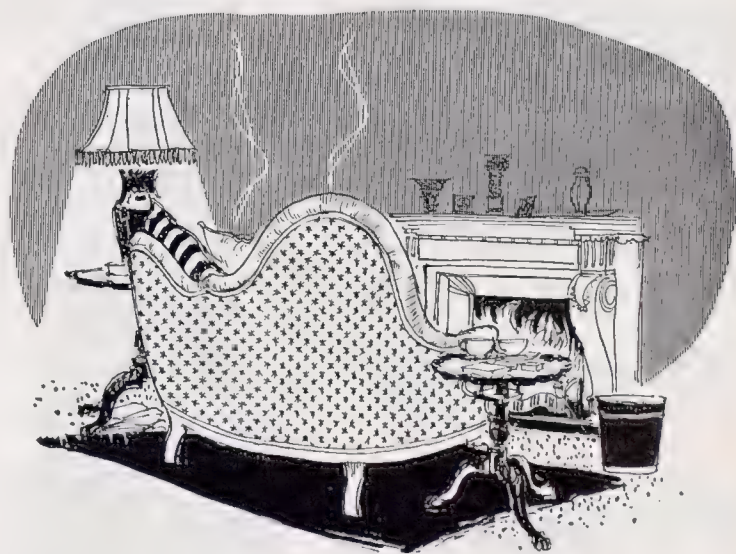
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[3P 121B]





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at home  
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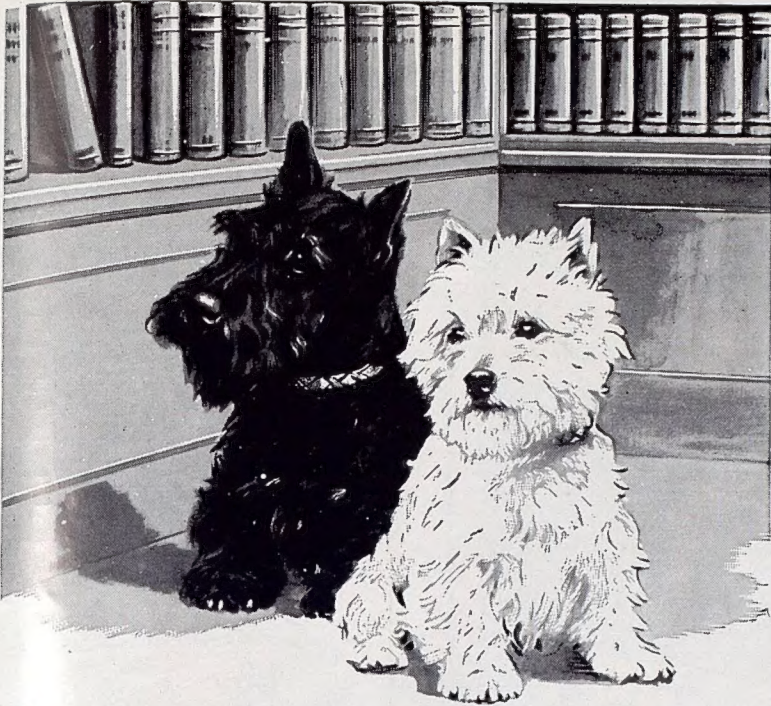


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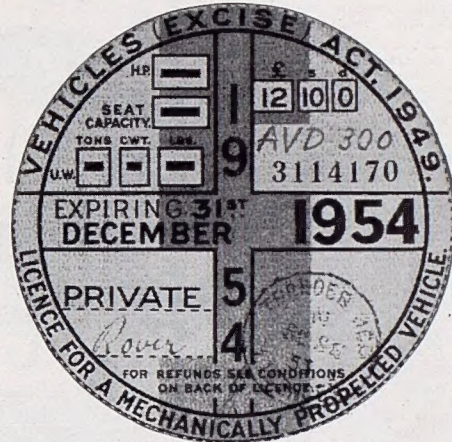


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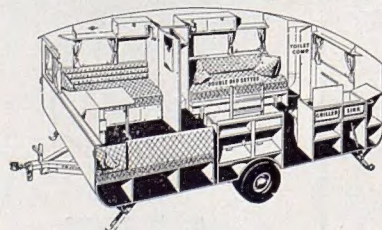
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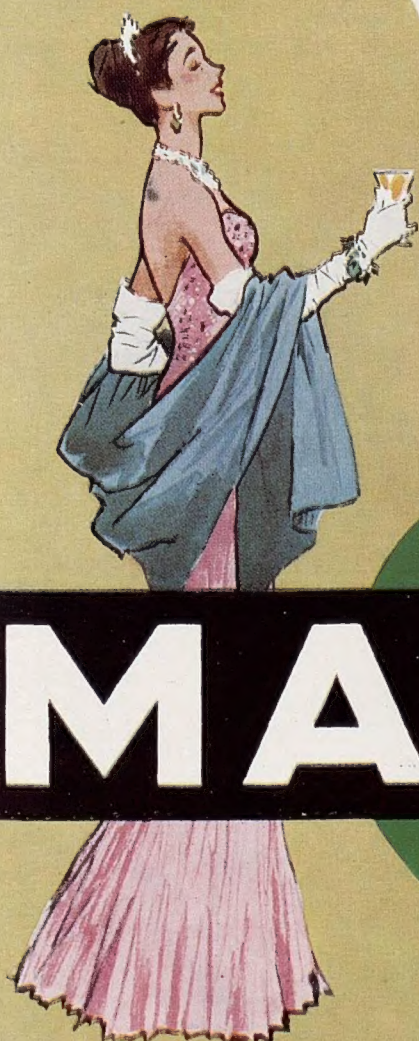
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